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TRB: McCarthy Takes the Stand

New Republic

NEW YORK

What Happened to FDR Jr.'s Bid for Governor

France's Last Chance . . . . . *Ray Alan*

Scapegoat for EDC? . . . . . *Frank Gorrell*

Less Oil, More Profit . . . . *Tom Fitzsimmons*

On Josephine Tey . . . *Dorothy Salisbury Davis*

In Praise of the Rejected . . *Malcolm Cowley*

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T. R. B.

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Washington Wire

Joe McCarthy will never forgive the six men trying him on the Watkins Committee. They are drab, neutral men so colorless that until now they never took a position on McCarthyism. He has a secret contempt for them: the swashbuckler's contempt for the menials who should be serving him at table. But the stunning thing is that they do not fear him. It is the humdrum quality of the Watkins proceedings, the casual manner of this trial of Joe by his peers, that is at once most baffling to him and alarming. Where are the lights, the cowed witnesses, the television cameras, the stage on which to strut and bellow? This poor person, this white-haired Watkins, this thin, mild, ascetic, stony-faced Mormon, who doesn't smoke or drink—every time Joe tries to get off the ground there is this Watkins hitting with a gavel. When Watkins first banged him down, Joe rushed out in a fury to the friendly TV cameras (banished along with smoking to outside the marbled caucus room). So incredulous was Joe that he lost self-possession: "It was the most unheard of thing I ever heard of!" he shouted.

"For God's sake, Joe," his 34-year-old attorney Ed Williams keeps telling him, "don't lose your temper; hold on to yourself!"

But this is humiliation beyond belief. These gray, neutral men examine him with no more fear than though he were some casual offender in a police court. To remain silent while his charges are squared with facts is almost unendurable. There is that thin face of Watkins, a narrow, limited man, always looking at him; always being polite (save when he bangs that damned gavel), always seeming to say, "I will treat you like a Christian"—the snivelling so-and-so. Here is Watkins, who sees in habitual grays, talking to him, McCarthy, the greatest demagogue of his time, whose genius it is to paint the world in black or white; almost pleading with him to recant his charges of demoniac plots and conspiracies. "It could have been an honest mistake, couldn't it?", Watkins asks at one point. The thought of calling it an "honest mistake" is enough to make Joe vomit.

This column loathed the television cameras at the Mundt hearings, and yet last week we could almost wish TV back to let America see the incredible change by which the Senate's dignity has been restored. The essence of this dignity is, of course, that TV is excluded. And yet, without it, America's attention has drifted away from one of the most quietly spectacular shows we have ever witnessed. Joe is in a dark mood. He has been in a downswing of one of his manic cycles. Save for occasional little outbursts—as when he reads aloud old testimony and thrills to the intoxication of that glorious moment, say, when he told off General Zwicker—he is on the defensive. Under this strange, tight courtroom procedure he cannot flit into ranting charges; he and attorney Williams have fallen back on ingenious legalistic casuistry. The Hennings-Hayden Committee (that exposed his finances in 1952) was operating illegally, he charges. He argues that he had somehow been authorized to violate his own committee's rules when he disclosed at a press conference after the Zwicker secret hearing what he had said. The committee's rules forbid such disclosure.

Joe has put on weight. He sits there, tapering in prestige, bulging in girth. He is fighting for a breather, punch-drunk with examinations. Even the Texas billionaires are shying off. Only a few months ago he was at the peak when he waited in soaring arrogance for White House statements to issue his own swift, condescending contradictions within a few minutes. Every politician feared him. Then, even Eisenhower was willing to use him—as he did in the 1952 election. It was all right while he confined attacks to Democrats. Including the Administration was another matter. Dirksen and the crypto-isolationists will still try to use McCarthy, but even they are holding a bit aloof for the moment.

McCarthy hopes for a big Democratic victory this November. He has told intimates it is coming, and there is a hint of eagerness in his voice. He will blame a defeat on Ike and particularly on Ike's farm program. Joe tells friends that orders have gone out from the White House to Republican candidates: "Don't invite McCarthy to campaign for you." If they ask him, they are automatically shut off from White House support, Joe says.

This is probably not true, or an exaggeration, but it shows Joe's mood. Will this new relationship last? Is McCarthy permanently diminished? We guess that his fortunes depend on the fluctuations of America's feeling of insecurity. Joe needs national hysteria. If America is learning to reconcile itself to less than 100-percent security in the new world, then McCarthy's present diminution will continue. He must wait. He is a noxious germ lodged in the national tonsil; if the patient's physical condition degenerates to a point of low resistance, Joe will be there—waiting.

In foreign affairs the question is Quemoy. That's the Nationalist island, five miles off the Communist Chinese mainland. We're likely to have a war there, defending Quemoy for the "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek. This column has no antagonism for Chiang; it heartily dislikes the Chinese Reds. But we keep wondering. There are sources of friction between Peking and Moscow. Clement Attlee reports that whereas the Russians resent criticism, China, with small information on the West, welcomes it. They are potential rivals in their totalitarian world. The first move of any American policy, one would suppose, would be to try to split the two. This column keeps wondering how the USA would feel if a Communist-controlled island were five miles off New York, or San Francisco—or even if it were 100 miles off, like Formosa? Truman neutralized the islands, but Ike officially "unleashed" Chiang. Now Chiang and the China Lobby seem bent on taking us into war to Moscow's delight.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Best Foot Forward—and Stumble

AT MANILA, on September 8, a line was drawn by eight nations, and the Communists were warned neither to cross it in force nor to infiltrate it. But even as Pakistan, Thailand, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, France and the US were setting the northernmost limit of the new Pacific treaty area at Latitude 21 degrees, 30 minutes, the Chinese Communists began shelling the Island of Quemoy—one of Chiang Kai-shek's outposts off Formosa, just north of that line. Aiding Chiang in the defense of Formosa is a commitment so far accepted only by the US. Do we also defend Quemoy?

The Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty is a very unusual document. In a general way, it is the first formal expression of a hard-won realism about how the Free World must counter the Communist threat: subversion is, in effect, defined as a form of aggression to be met by concerted action; preventive economic aid to potential Communist victims is emphasized fully as much as deterrent military aid; and the establishment of "self-government" throughout the area is marked as a cardinal goal along with the maintenance of order. All in all, a proud accomplishment—as a general definition of the danger facing the nations gathered there and of the needed safeguards. But there is a great deal yet to be done. The treaty is vague; the means, the commitments, by which its goals will be achieved are not specified, have yet to be agreed upon.

There is a reason why the Treaty is what it is. With the Armistice in Indo-China, those free nations which could in general agree on a course of action had quickly to take some action warning the Communists to push no farther. But the nations in agreement were not those which in reality will determine the future of Southeast Asia: they were either the Western Powers, who know but one devil, Communism, or small Asian non-powers who long have depended on the West. Pakistan alone of the countries which know two devils, colonialism and Communism, and have not yet decided which is the more fearsome, came to Manila. No certain security against Communist domination of Southeast Asia is possible until India, Burma and Indonesia have been led to resolve that doubt in our favor. Which is why the Manila Treaty was written so as to be both firm as a warning against Communist expansion and flexible as a statement of principles to which other Asian powers might be won.

That was the major concern underlying the conversations at Manila. But, immediately upon his return from those negotiations, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was asked if our pledge

A Non-Partisan Reappraisal of Our Asian Policy

The American Veterans Committee ("Citizens first—veterans second") has never been accused of lagging behind public opinion. A statement on Asian policy which AVC's leaders adopted this month in Philadelphia is consistent with AVC's reputation as a leader of thought.

Expressing its approval of all measures which might be taken toward containment of aggression in Southeast Asia, AVC pointed out that, nevertheless, "no such steps can be effective without closer collaboration between the United States and such important non-Communist nations as India, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia."

Then, taking into account that current debate over US policy for Southeast Asia has become so distorted by emotion and partisanship that a reasonable reappraisal has become almost impossible, AVC suggests that:

"In the light of the continuing threat to peace in Asia, the President of the United States, after consultation with appropriate leaders of both parties, (should) appoint a non-partisan commission to review our entire Asian policy and to submit recommendations to the President on changes in policy which their review suggests. The findings of the commission should be made available to the public, so that the people of the United States may debate the commission's recommendations in full knowledge of the facts. Among matters for consideration by such a commission should be: the means to strengthen the economy of Japan; the stimulation of trade among the nations of Southeast Asia and trade between the entire region and the West; ways to increase confidence and co-operation between the United States and the 'Colombo' powers; means to assure the independence of Formosa and its security against attack; the relationship, political and economic, between the United States and Communist China which can best serve peace and the freedom and economic development of other Asian peoples; the policy which should be adopted by our government on Asian representation in the Security Council of the United Nations. The commission should be guided in its work by only two requirements: (1) that it examine objectively all aspects of our relationships with Asia; and (2) that it determine its conclusions on the basis of what, in its opinion, would best serve the interest of the United States and the alliance of free nations."

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to use the Seventh Fleet to resist a Communist attack on Formosa applied equally to Quemoy—which is 120 miles closer to the China coast, and bears about the same relation to Communist Amoy as Staten Island to New York. "That," said Dulles, "would be primarily a military decision."

To defend Quemoy, the US Seventh Fleet would have to operate within range of Communist shore batteries, be fired upon by them and presumably answer. To follow up the Manila Treaty by telling the world, especially the distrustful free nations of Asia that the US will leave a decision of that nature to the military—that we have given the Admirals and Generals the power to make war—is to announce that we are a nation of idiots.

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur W. Radford, was not allowed to make a policy decision on the use of American forces in Indo-China. He was, in fact, over-ridden. And there is no real doubt that President Eisenhower and the National Security Council will decide about Quemoy. If, however, Dulles' statement indicates that the President and the members of the Security Council are as undecided today about what decisions can safely be left to the military as they were during the days of the Indo-China crisis—when Radford's plan to use American Air and Naval forces against China was given serious consideration for weeks—the odds against a successful continuation of what was begun at Manila are overwhelming.

You Take the High Road

SECRETARY of Labor Mitchell was embarrassed last year when it became public knowledge that it was Secretary of Commerce Weeks who had the final say with President Eisenhower about how to revise the Taft-Hartley Act. Weeks wanted to include a "states' rights" plank, turning over to generally anti-labor state bodies responsibilities the federal government has performed since 1933. Secretary Mitchell argued against it, but the plank went in.

Now Mitchell is embarrassed again. So is the Republican campaign for union votes in November. This time it is Weeks' Assistant Secretary of Commerce Lothair Teetor who has chosen to make labor policy on his own.

Secretary Mitchell has been going the rounds of labor meetings this summer repeating the promise he made to the National CIO Convention last year that the Administration plans to raise the federal minimum wage base from 75 cents to 90 cents an hour and to broadening coverage of the law. In speech after speech Mitchell has hailed the new unemployment compensation law, and in signing it on September 1 President Eisenhower praised the expansion of the law as the single greatest improvement yet made in the original. The White House underlined Mitchell's pledge that extensive conferences would precede any recommendations on Taft-Hartley to the next Congress.

Assistant Secretary Teetor, in a speech to the Council of State Chambers of Commerce at Kansas City on September 10, carefully contradicted Mitchell's two big selling points:

1. "In the field of Unemployment Compensation," Teetor announced, "... the conservative element lost on the matter of coverage. . . . The Commerce Department, along with many of the business organizations, thought any change in coverage should be left to the discretion of the individual states.

"I can assure you that the Department of Commerce under Secretary Weeks will continue to . . . be in there with all the arguments we have to keep the control of this important branch of government in the hands of the states."

2. "We feel the states' rights question is the most important issue in the labor relations field. . . . We will continue to urge Taft-Hartley Act amendments to reaffirm the authority of the states. . . ."

The Fifth at Miami

LEO SHEINER is a Miami attorney who, when accused of being a Communist before House and Senate committees, declined to answer on the basis of the Fifth Amendment. Recently another Miami attorney, a self-styled "friend of the court," filed disbarment charges against him in a Miami court.

At the disbarment hearing, Sheiner invoked the Fifth Amendment again in declining to answer the judge's questions as to whether he was or is a Communist. "A judgment of disbarment will be entered immediately," snapped the judge. "I don't want him practicing in this court. I do not think the American legal profession desires to have as members lawyers who shield themselves behind the Fifth Amendment."

Thus arose the first proceeding in American history seeking to disbar an attorney for having invoked an historic constitutional privilege. Whether a man can thus be deprived of his livelihood for reasons unrelated to his professional competence or honesty, and without proof of his having committed any illegal or subversive act, is an issue that will doubtless find its ultimate legal answer in the Supreme Court of the United States. Sheiner's lawyers have promised to appeal the case that far if necessary.

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Eisenhower's Point Five

WHEN President Eisenhower first proposed before the United Nations an international pool of atomic energy and knowledge for peace, this magazine criticized his plan (*NR*, Dec. 21, 1953) as "ignoring harsh realities, raising false hopes and introducing new risks." The criticism was made because the President offered his plan not as the limited, although valuable, approach to one aspect of the problem of how to control and beneficially use atomic power that it was, but as the over-all solution it was not. "The President's intentions are splendid," said the *NR*. "He has, in his conception of a UN authority that would license and fuel the world's atomic plants, the germ of an idea which though not new could be fruitful as part of a larger plan."

Now, 8 months later, the President has announced that although Russia so far has blocked action through the UN, this nation has agreed to join 5 others in setting up an international agency to foster peaceful uses of atomic power. Informal talks, he said, have been held with Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa and France. The new agency will have raw uranium and fissionable material at its disposal, and we will establish a reactor school to help train citizens of friendly nations in the skills they will need to develop atomic programs of their own. Already we are about to begin negotiating with Belgium on the construction of an atomic power station there.

This is quite a different matter from the "new conception" Eisenhower unwrapped last December. In essence, it is Harry Truman's Point Four program extended to include the atom. And it will require as much hard work to put into operation, and probably be dealt as many blows by a recalcitrant Congress as the original technical aid program. As recently amended, the Atomic Energy Act requires Congressional approval before the US can participate in the kind of international agency envisioned by Eisenhower. Which means that by early next year, negotiations between the US and the other five nations must have proceeded to the point where a detailed agreement can be submitted to Congress. Then there will be the appropriations hurdle. And then the difficulty of making the program work within the stringent limits placed on exchange of data and material by the Atomic Energy Act.

The speed and energy with which the Administration tackles these various problems will indicate what the program is likely to come to. First must come detailed planning among the six nations involved. The production and use of atomic power—at present neither practical nor desirable in many parts of the world—presents enormously complex economic, political and strategic problems. Unless these are met squarely and an approach to them outlined at the beginning, the "atomic power pool" could early become a mere political plaything and a propaganda gimmick—then a boomerang.

Prosperity

TALK of "recovery" and "brightening prospects" continues—from the usual sources. (The language is getting increasingly tricky, though, to wit a recent pronouncement from the American Statistical Association: "recovery . . . will produce a small or even a slight increase in total output . . . but no decline in unemployment. . . .")

But where the talk connects with the facts is hard to see. Two government agencies have just released figures estimating that this year business investment in new plants and equipment will drop six percent below the 1953 level. So say the Department of Commerce and Securities and Exchange Commission. This will be the first time the yearly total of such investment has failed to rise since 1949. But the drop is greater than the government press release says, compared quarter by quarter:

	Decline from 1953 to 1954
1st Quarter	1 percent
2nd Quarter	5 percent
3rd Quarter	7 percent
4th Quarter	10.5 percent

To round out the picture: unemployment compensation claims have swung upward again following the small July decline pounced on with such glee by the Administration: in 12 states, 17,000 new claims were filed during the first week of September, and 170,000 still unemployed exhausted the benefits coming to them.

"Loyal" in '54?

IN 1948, South Carolina gave its eight electoral votes for President to its former Governor Strom Thurmond, running as a States' Rights candidate in opposition to Harry S. Truman. Truman was forced to run virtually as a write-in candidate.

Truman lost South Carolina. But the "loyalist" Democrats with national party help forced the Dixiecrats from the State Democratic Committee after the election. In 1952 Thurmond and Governor James Byrnes tried to bring about another South Carolina bolt from Stevenson to Eisenhower. But the "loyalists" were well enough organized, under State Sen. Edgar A. Brown, to hold the state for the Democrats by 5,000 votes. Brown, after 25 years in the Senate, had the professional political contacts to hold the line. It helped to have both Senators, Maybank and Johnston, stand with him for Stevenson.

The sudden death of Sen. Burnet Maybank gives the Dixiecrats a chance for an early come-back. Maybank, renominated last June, died only two days before the deadline for certification of party nominees. The State Executive Committee, controlled by the loyal Democrats, ruled that time was too short to hold another primary and proceeded to nominate Brown to replace Maybank on the ballot. Strom Thurmond, protesting the Committee's right to nominate for a full Senatorial term, is entered as the write-in candidate himself this time.

Thurmond has seized the chance to accuse the loyalist-controlled committee of a "steal." Almost all the newspapers are helping spread his story. Brown's explanation that his nomination is within the election laws is not exciting copy. Jimmy Byrnes is ready with fuel for Thurmond's fire when needed. Sen. Johnston, who was "caught in a rainstorm" on his way to the polls in 1948 and so never chose between Thurmond and Truman, is not eager to take sides. He opposed Thurmond in 1952; South Carolinians have assumed Thurmond would oppose Johnston for re-election in 1956. Understandably Johnston's heart may not be in defeating Thurmond in 1954 to insure his eligibility for that later test.

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Paris Dispatch The Myth of Wickedness

The postponement of the London conference which the British Government suggested as a means of exploring rapidly the post-EDC possibilities in Western Europe is unfortunate, if only because a "dialogue" between Konrad Adenauer and Pierre Mendès-France remains a necessary step toward improving Franco-German relations. Of the nine powers which were to have attended, seven were willing. Only the US and West Germany wanted delay; and the form of Bonn's informal answer hinted that if the meeting never took place, it wouldn't be too soon.

Adenauer doesn't like Mendès-France. This much was plain almost from the moment the Frenchman took office, or at least since the tough, iron-fist-on-the-table speech "demanding" before the Geneva conference that EDC be ratified or else. At the Brussels conference the dislike was painfully apparent. After the French National Assembly rejected EDC, the five-point West German program announced at Buehler Hoehe hinted at Anglo-US-German negotiations, with the exclusion of France: This went too far: the British and many important West Germans said so vigorously.

So Adenauer settled for accepting France, but not Mendès-France. He has said several times recently, notably in a sensational interview with the *London Times* correspondent, that Mendès-France "wanted to destroy EDC." The same position was taken by Sen. Alexander Wiley. The Bonn correspondent of the *New York Times* went farther: he listed a long series of indications which he saw as meaning that Bonn and Washington were "trying to quarantine or even overthrow Mendès-France." A number of Western European newspapers saw an effort by the Christian Democrats, all over Europe and supported in Vatican City, to create the feeling in public opinion that the Frenchman was trying—personally, wantonly, wickedly—to kill the European idea as well as the EDC pattern; and that, hence, he was a crypto-Communist, or at least a fellow-traveling neutralist.

This is a myth. It is a latter-day counterpart of the myth that the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations deliberately handed over China to the Communists. Some of the men doing the myth-making are undoubtedly sincere, though wrong-headed. Most are playing partisan politics. But if making Mendès-France a scapegoat is a device of domestic political maneuvering, it has more chances of being successfully used by the Republicans in the US and perhaps by the Europeanist camp in France than it has in West Germany. And the West German situation is the most delicate.

Not only Erich Ollenhauer of the Social Democrats objects strongly to Adenauer's personal campaign against Mendès-France. Many members of the West German Chancellor's own party have grave doubts, and Thomas Dehler's Free Democrats, second strongest party in the government coalition, have called for Adenauer's withdrawal from the Foreign Office and the appointment of a new Foreign Minister.

Mendes-France still believes that there must be a new basis for Franco-German relations in order to get the approval of his countrymen—quickly—for West German sovereignty and rearmament; and eventually to salvage some form of Western European federation which is truly international but not as much supranational as the die-hard Europeanists would want. He also believes—perhaps more than ever—that the key to French foreign policy is domestic policy; and that a domestic New Deal is the only way to beat the French Communists.

There is no doubt that the Premier has suffered as a result of the nasty manner in which the EDC controversy came to an end. He has lost some prestige partly because his effort to be neutral undoubtedly did hurt EDC's chances, partly because his refusal to "choose" seemed a betrayal of himself, and mostly because of a violent whispering campaign of slander against him. He hopes to win back popular support through his domestic program. But his position on the urgent problems of foreign policy is limited by the nature of the parliamentary following he can count on.

Mendès-France believes, in contrast to Bonn, that German sovereignty and rearmament must be considered together. As a matter of fact, the Anglo-US plan calls for such a relationship. Britain's Anthony Eden has taken the initiative in trying to win Adenauer's agreement to some such scheme; and US Deputy Under-Secretary of State Robert Murphy is in Europe at Eden's heels, presumably to back him up.

Mendès-France has again and again repeated that he favors a West German military contribution to the building of Western defense. Such a contribution presupposes controls and guarantees worked out on the basis of non-discrimination. France will accept the same controls as Germany, but will insist that all the partners also accept them. Perhaps some system of armament control—or even of arms pooling—for all the nations of Western Europe, might form the basis of a system that could eventually be applied on a larger—even a worldwide—scale.

Above all, in finding—and then trying to apply—a formula, speed is the prime element; the end of the present year is the deadline. The Premier has promised that if the formula is found, he will make sure that the National Assembly will act on it, one way or the other, in weeks rather than years.

Mendes-France has many enemies. It is conceivable that, though they disagree on almost everything else, they may get together on destroying him. If so, it is hard to conceive who can replace him and his ideas—his ideas of a workable Franco-German reconciliation and of a co-operated if not fused or integrated Western European contribution to the defense of the free world. Putting such ideas into a practical formula is more than a domestic French affair. The British can and should help. And the Americans can at least refrain from hurting: they can try to stop Wiley and others from creating a myth of Mendès-France's wickedness.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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What Happened to FDR, Jr.'s Bid for Governor

DURING the playful summer months of 1954, the chief contenders for the gubernatorial nomination in New York were Gov. Thomas E. Dewey (Republican) and Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. (Democrat). On Labor Day, however, party leaders buckled down to serious work and within 48 hours, Dewey and Roosevelt were on their way out and Sen. Irving Ives (Republican) and former Mutual Security Administrator Averell Harriman were on their way in as the virtual candidates of their parties. So suddenly were the brakes jammed on for the Dewey and Roosevelt candidacies that the state CIO convention, fully geared to drive ahead for FDR, Jr., and to run down Dewey, skidded its way through as if nothing had happened.

THE '54 CAMPAIGN

The startling *volte face* began with the public declaration of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, the day after Labor Day, that he would not seek a fourth term. In a televised broadcast, Dewey reviewed his accomplishments in office, pointed out that he sat in the Gubernatorial mansion longer than anybody except the state's first Governor, George Clinton, and announced that "painful considerations" had led him to conclude "that the time has come for me to return to private life." He gave no reasons.

Some two months of public speculation about whether Dewey would or would not run (in 1950, he said he would not run and then decided to run because of the Korean War) unearthed many reasons for Dewey to decline. Dewey has twice been defeated for the Presidency. If he still has a hankering for the high post, he would have to be reasonably certain of re-election as Governor this year—a year filled with uncertainty for New York Republicans. Although Dewey has been elected as Governor three times straight, he has never had a real opponent in these contests. In 1942, he defeated John J. Bennett in a three-cornered race, in which the then United American Labor Party ran Dean Alfange to protest the Bennett nomination and in which other labor and liberal forces sat on their hands in protest. In 1946, Dewey was re-elected against former US Sen. James Mead, in a year that went overwhelmingly Republican all over the country. In 1950, Dewey won against Walter Lynch, a virtually unknown Congressman from the Bronx, who was far less a candidate than a counterweight to compose a "balanced ticket."

When Dewey has had to face tough opponents in tough years, he has not fared so well. He lost the state to Roosevelt in the Presidential election of 1944 by more than 300,000 votes. He did win the state from Truman in 1948 by some 60,000 votes, but that was in a year when the Progressive Party rolled up more than half a million votes for Henry Wallace in the state and when the Socialist Party rolled up some 40,000 votes for Norman Thomas. Dewey carried New York's electors as a minority victory.

In 1954, it was clear that the Democratic Party would come up with a strong candidate, namely Roosevelt, Harriman or Wagner. And the climate was inclement for Republicans in Albany. Upstate dairy farmers have the same kind of complaints against the GOP as dairy farmers everywhere—and "upstate farmers" are a key prop for the Republicans. Key areas in the state are on the "critical list" with "substantial and very substantial labor surpluses," including Albany, Schenectady, Troy, Buffalo, Hudson, Dunkirk, Rome-Utica, Gloversville. Robert F. Wagner Jr.'s election as Mayor of New York City ended the long *entente cordiale* between Republican Governors and metropolitan mayors that has almost ensured the election and re-election of the GOP to Albany. Finally, a Scripps-Howard survey in New York City showed that Eisenhower had, since November, 1952, lost 16 percent of his support—a percentage that, applied to the GOP in the state, could guarantee defeat.

Dewey saw no percentage in running this year. He stepped aside and pointed the finger at Senator Ives, who found himself with the nomination thrust upon him. Said Ives, "I am terribly distressed over Governor Dewey's decision not to run and am doing my utmost to persuade him to reconsider." In 24 hours, Ives accepted.

WITHIN the same 24 hours, the Democratic Party leadership also moved—using the Dewey declination as a springboard for their action. During the summer months, the party leadership was silent while FDR, Jr., barnstormed the state, especially upstate, garnering delegates. By Labor Day, he boasted 350 pledged delegates out of 510 needed for nomination. The silence of the powerful county leaders in New

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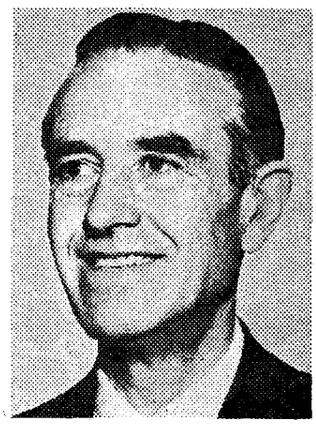
Roosevelt



Harriman

York City was seen as a clever Roosevelt maneuver to give the impression that he was the candidate with grass roots support, not the product of Tammany.

As summer rolled to a close, the "maneuver" looked less and less like a maneuver and more and more like silent hostility to FDR, Jr. In August, Averell Harriman announced that he was also a candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination and he footnoted that, unlike Roosevelt, he would not shop around for delegates.

A few days later, FDR, Jr., called for an "open" convention—a veiled appeal to the rank-and-file delegates to express themselves *sans* or *contra* bosses. With the convention date, September 21-22, closing in, the Party leaders positioned themselves to act.

On September 9, three days after Labor Day, the Democratic Party leaders—State Chairman Richard Balch, National Committeeman Carmine DeSapio, US Senator Herbert Lehman, New York City Mayor Robert Wagner—declared themselves publicly for Averell Harriman. Roosevelt was not mentioned, although the move was seen as a "stop Roosevelt" act rather than a pro-Harriman move. As in the case of Dewey's declination, in the case of Harriman's choice no reasons were given.

The real reasons probably never will be given since they are of more direct concern to the inner circle of prime political movers clustered around the Democratic Party than they are to the great body of voters. Among those mainly responsible for the decision there was undoubtedly a mixture of motives. There were those like Lehman, said to feel that FDR, Jr., was a "young man in a hurry," who would improve with age and reverses. There were those like Balch who felt that FDR's personality and name were a mixed asset, impeded by the conflict raging around the family both within and outside the Party. There were those like Wagner and his supporters who felt that he was taking the nomination by storm, with little regard for the other forces in the Party—and in the liberal movement. Above all, there were those like DeSapio who would have brushed all these objections aside if there were no Averell Harriman, FDR, Jr.'s very own candidate for the Presidency in 1952—ready, willing and financially able to run.

The decision to come out for Harriman was reached several weeks before Dewey's announcement. The adverse vote against FDR, Jr., in the case of each of the principals to it, was brought on by Roosevelt himself.

Harriman had no go-betweens with the king-makers. Until recent weeks most of those closest to him pleaded with Harriman to drop the idea of winning over Roosevelt as futile. But Harriman insisted it was his duty to try. He personally maintained almost daily contact with DeSapio, Lehman and the others.

When Roosevelt started his bandwagon rolling upstate without telling Tammany his plans, DeSapio recalled past instances of "arrogance and unreliability" on the Junior Roosevelt's part. All the other lot casters, it turned out, had experiences which could be similarly described.

The persistence and the attractiveness of Harriman eventually made him a commonly acceptable substitute.

The blow was delivered to Roosevelt with all the force that could be summoned with the hope that he and his supporters would go down for the count. But it didn't happen quite that way. For one thing, the CIO sounded off immediately that it wanted Roosevelt and wanted nobody else. Individual delegates backing FDR, Jr., refused to budge. Attempts to persuade Roosevelt to run for Lieutenant Governor flopped. FDR, Jr., told the CIO at its convention, the weekend after Labor Day, that his name would go before the convention. Joe Curran, of the CIO's National Maritime Union, charged that the Harriman nomination was just a "stop Roosevelt" move to pave the way for some third and less acceptable candidate.

THE LIKELIHOOD is, however, that the Democratic Party convention will stand firmly behind the recommendation of the leaders. The five counties of New York have enough votes to make the decision alone and with some upstate backing the Harriman bandwagon will have crushing strength. The influential Roosevelt name might seriously dent the New York City delegation if Carmine DeSapio were the sole spokesman. But with Lehman, Wagner, Balch, and Harriman himself—all highly respected liberal Democrats—behind the decision it is unlikely that FDR, Jr., will have his way.

Conjecture and counter-conjecture will not end with the nominations, however. If Ives should win, there would be a vacancy for the US Senate next year—and the Roosevelt name may turn up again. Should Harriman win, there would be a Senate race in 1956 for the seat now held by Lehman, and should Lehman not decide to run again New York Democrats could name a candidate in a year when both the city and the state are in Democratic hands—with the name of Roosevelt (and Wagner) thrown in. The way FDR, Jr., conducts himself within the next two weeks may decisively influence his fate in the coming years.

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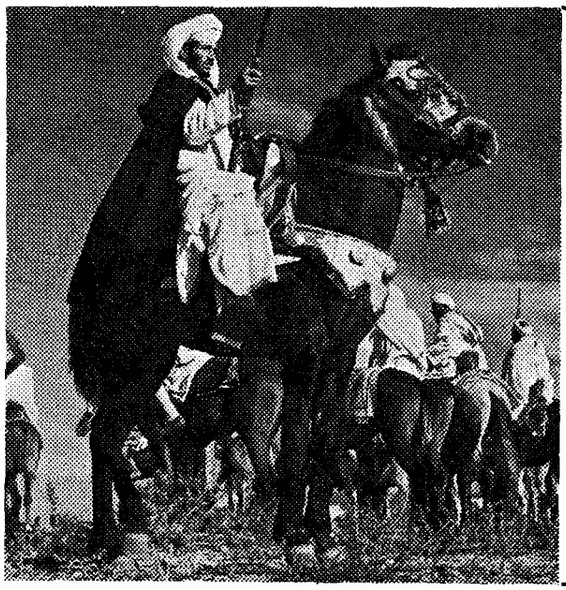

SINCE THE END of World War II France has played a losing colonial game in Southeast Asia and the Middle East. Hounded by fear of once again being militarily and industrially outstripped by Germany, the French have turned desperately to their colonies and mandates—markets as well as sources of manpower and raw material—and have tried to suppress by force the rampant nationalism they found there. But dependence on force, preventing any compromise, ensured failure. The French have been forced out, defeated: first in Syria, then in Lebanon, most recently in Indo-China. And with each defeat, insurgents in other parts of the French Empire were emboldened.

Now it is the turn of French North Africa, the most important by far of all French holding. There the policy of suppression has been abandoned by Pierre Mendes-France, and there is a chance that hatred will be replaced by friendship.

North Africa: France's Last Chance

by Ray Alan

Tunis: An hour earlier we had cleared the Tunisian frontier at Ben Gardane and a good third of the 500-mile Tripoli-Tunis highway was now behind us. Everything more than about 200 yards distant was ragged with heat-haze. Suddenly, the whole sky and desert were jarred by a shattering explosion beneath the bus. Its reverberations snarled away along the torrid road.

The French lady in front of me clutched her husband's arm and said something about mines. There was a whisper that sounded like *"Fellaghas"* from the Arab passengers. We were all rather pale. The driver tussled grimly with brakes and steering for a while and then comforted us contemptuously in French, Italian and Arabic. It was only a tire. "Haven't you heard of Mendès?" he asked.

Two years ago, after a similar journey, I waited in the central bus-station of Tunis while Moslem porters unloaded my luggage. There was a great mound of heavy suitcases and trunks on the roof of the bus; the sun was pitiless; and the porters were tired. In charge of them, barking out orders like a sergeant-major—he had probably been an *adjudant-chef* in the *Tirailleurs*—was an elderly European who could have made a fortune in Moscow portraying what Soviet cinema and theatre audiences would regard as the typical Anglo-French colonial settler. He wore a pith helmet and carried a bamboo cane which he shook at the porters as he shouted, screamed and cursed at them.

He was such an appalling sight and so utterly alone in his degradation—he embarrassed his fellow-Europeans, who walked by with averted eyes, far more than he impressed the Tunisians—that one felt sorry for him, and rather afraid: one day, like an over-confident lion tamer, he would take one liberty too many with his team and be torn to pieces. The porters growled and snarled continually as they worked, like a troupe of lions, and there was violence brooding in their eyes. There were darkness and hatred haunting a lot of eyes in Tunisia that year.

If you go to the Tunis bus station today you will not see the man in the pith helmet but you will find the porters. You will hear them singing and laughing and talking politics. And whenever, as happens in similar groups all over the country, one of them casts doubts on the good faith of the French officials who will have to handle the details of the transfer of power, another will protest—and you will hear an Arabic echo of the bus-driver's tones— "Haven't you forgotten Mendès?"

"Mendès" is a magic name now, in Tunisia no less than in France. Even the diehards among the 180,000 European settlers in the Protectorate admit its potency. If, this summer, they can take their children to the sea, visit relatives in remote upcountry areas and enjoy their *apéritifs* on exposed café terraces, without fear of an assassin's bullets, it is thanks to "Mendès." None of these things was possible up to the very moment of the French Premier's dramatic arrival at Tunis airport last month.

Ray Alan, a British journalist with long experience in the Middle East, has just returned from a tour of North Africa.

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On the contrary, Kenya conditions were rapidly being reproduced: the *Fellaghas* were smuggling in weapons and recruits from Libya, many settlers were openly carrying arms and preparing for siege-conditions, and military reinforcements were being brought in.

No fair-minded person will fail to sympathize with the settlers' dilemma. Their achievements, and those of successive French administrations, are there for all to see, and are particularly impressive if set against the background of Tunisia's turbulent history.

IN ROMAN times Tunisia enjoyed a fabulous prosperity. But in the eleventh century cultivation came to a standstill in the South and Center of the country with the arrival of successive waves of ruthless Arab tribesmen, the Beni Hillal and Beni Suleim, whom the Fatimid caliph of the day had dispatched westward to be rid of them. The invaders grazed their flocks on the fertile fields and chopped down fruit trees for fuel: they found an Eden and turned it into a wilderness. It was the grandfathers and fathers of the present French settlers who made the first efforts to reclaim this man-made desert, and in the last 60 years its frontiers have systematically been pushed back.

Calamity came again in our century with Nazi depredations, the savage destructiveness of the 1943 liberation campaign and the five-year drought which followed it. Only generous French assistance—given at a time when France herself was in perilous straits—averted widespread famine and economic collapse. Yet today, less than 10 years after this long-drawn-out nightmare, and despite the added problems posed by a population (now 3.6 million) that improved public services have caused to double in 40 years, Tunisia's towns and villages, farms and olive groves, have a prosperous, promising air that visitors from other Arab states envy. Living conditions are frequently harsh for many of the *fellahin* and semi-nomadic tribesmen, but one rarely sees the squalor and abject misery all too often accepted as normal in Egypt and Iraq and some of the other states which periodically raise a diversionary howl about Tunisia at UNO.

While a lunatic fringe of wealthy *colons* despises and fears the Moslems and insists that they be firmly sat upon the average European in Tunisia has no pronounced prejudices and genuinely wishes the Moslems well. But even liberal-minded settlers naturally panic at the thought that a completely independent Tunisian nationalist régime—egged on, perhaps, by the Communists and Cairo radio—might, on the Egyptian model, try to exploit xenophobia in order to win cheap popularity and harass or even dispossess them.

Pierre Mendès-France hopes that the guarantees his officials are now negotiating with the new coalition government of Tunisia headed by Tahar Ben Amar (it includes three prominent members of Habib Bourguiba's *Neo-Destour* party, the most important nationalist group) will go a long way to exercise this bogy. He is convinced that the Tunisian nationalist leaders, many of whom are his personal friends, realize that their country's main problems are now demographic and economic rather than political and leave no margin for the striking of ultra-nationalistic attitudes. Food production has increased in recent years, but not as fast as the population, and unless it is stepped up very considerably in the near future the new Tunisia will be a hungry state. This fact alone militates in favor of Tunisia's French connection: acre for acre, the average European settler's output is approximately twice that of his less efficient Moslem opposite number; and France is—or has been in the past—an immediately responsive source of supply for foodstuffs to supplement local production.

But, these considerations aside, Mendès-France told the settlers' representatives, in effect: "My aim is to win such goodwill among the Tunisians as to minimize all possible dangers to your security. In any case, what is your alternative? To lean on armed force and live in mistrust of your own farm-hands? To barricade yourselves inside your houses every night and tempt terrorists to come and burn them down? Is that an acceptable prospect for civilized men?"

Mendès-France insists that his country's duty in Tunisia goes far beyond the mere negative protection of settlers. France is under an obligation to the Tunisians themselves and honor-bound to live up to her own principles whether or not these are invoked to her apparent disadvantage.

It was, of course, French writers and teachers who schooled the Tunisians in the Rights of Man and democratic theory—who taught them that there are other bastilles than the one which fell in 1789. The Tunisian leaders are more at home in a Paris salon than in the company of the braying obscurantists of the Arab League; and if they are proving a credit to their teachers France has every reason to feel gratified.

Morocco: Just a few days after M. Mendès-France's proclamation of home rule for Tunisia a private aircraft flew over the opulent white buildings of the European quarter of Casablanca and dropped leaflets warning French settlers to be vigilant in defense of their interests and urging them to join forces with the "Moroccans of the steppes and mountains" against the "polluted towns." A prod from Paris induced the Protectorate administration to announce that it was looking into the possibility of taking legal action against the right-wing settler organization responsible for this incitement to civil war; but there—since Paris is a long way off and French justice, even in France, is far from nimble—the matter rests.

This incident gives a fair idea of the kind of opposition any French government determined to sort out the Moroccan tangle is likely to run into. It also vignettes conveniently the essential *dramatis personae*: the Moroccans themselves, 9 million strong, divided almost equally

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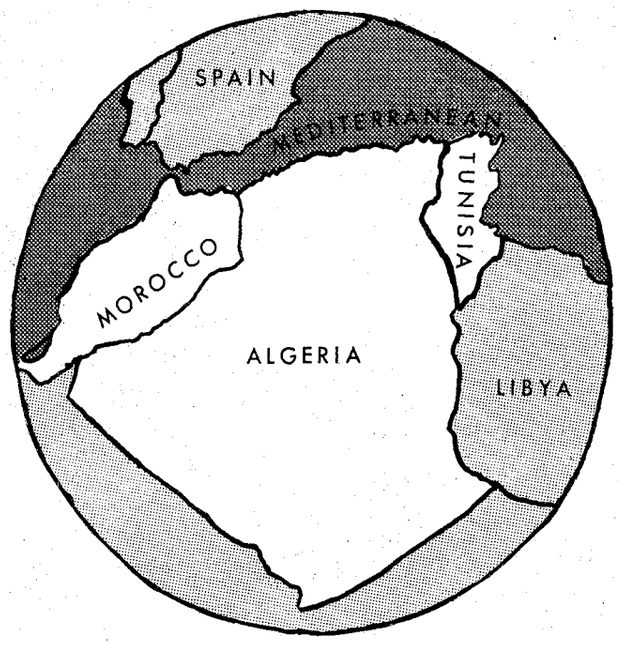
into Berbers and Arabs; the settlers, more nearly homogeneous than their Tunisian opposite numbers (almost half of whom are Italians and Maltese), controlling more important industrial and commercial resources, and consequently a closer-knit and more assertive political force; the Protectorate administration, controlled largely, since the eclipse of the early Lyautey idealism, by settler pressure, but ultimately responsible to Paris; and the Quai d'Orsay, now having a coherent North African policy thrust upon it for the first time in 20 years.

The Berbers, white-skinned and European in appearance, are the true "natives" of French North Africa: industrious countryfolk and mountaineers, their loyalties and social organization are still mainly tribal. The Arabs, on the other hand, are largely detribalized town dwellers. The Berber tends to despise the Arab for his fecklessness and verbosity—"a country taken over by Arabs is a country ruined," wrote the Berber philosopher Ibn Khaldun—while the Arab, in turn, looks upon the Berber as a wild and woolly creature incompletely civilized and only superficially converted to Islam. Today it is primarily the Arab nationalist *Istiqlal* (Independence) party and Arab Communist Party which are campaigning for the return of ex-Sultan Mohamed Ben Yusef, deposed a year ago, and the Berbers who are the keenest supporters of his French-sponsored successor, Sidi Mohamed Ben Arafa.

THE ESSENCE of Mendès-France's achievement in North Africa to date has been the restoration of the French government's authority in a sphere from which it had all but abdicated. This first step taken, it was sufficient in Tunisia to strike a balance between settlers and nationalists. But the Moroccan scene is not so tidy. French influences have been at work there for only half as long as in Tunisia, and vital prerequisites of a fruitful French-Moroccan dialogue would still be lacking even without Berber-Arab bickering or the problem of who should be Sultan. The effective Berber leaders are tribal chieftains, anxious above all to conserve their own privileges, whose present loyalty to France would not survive a French-imposed program of democratization and social reform. Arab leadership has fallen into the hands of men who have more in common with the Egyptian *Wafd* and Moslem Brotherhood than with the Tunisian *Neo-Destour*. The *Neo-Destour's* nearest Moroccan equivalent, *Istiqlal,* dedicated to a program drafted by Moroccan schoolboys and French left-wing journalists, is controlled by a self-centered group of wealthy men skilled in manipulating the masses and understandably avid for power but with no clear idea of what to do with their power when they attain it—apart from restoring Sidi Mohamed Ben Yusef and introducing a spoils system into the Moroccan civil service: they lack anything resembling a social conscience.

A generation of educational expansion and social evolution such as Mendès-France seems to envisage would see the emergence of maturer leaders with roots in the masses, but it seems unlikely that the French Protectorate can survive that long. The Quai d'Orsay's years of abdication, the settlers' shortsightedness, the Berber chiefs' rigidity and *Istiqlal* irresponsibility, all exacerbated by the violent campaign of incitement presently being beamed into the territory by Spanish (Tetuan), Egyptian and Soviet radio stations, have diverted the political current from evolutionary channels into a turbulent mill race of violence and unreason. Politically and psychologically, present-day Morocco is less an outpost of "Overseas France" than an offshoot of the Middle East.



This area provides France with seven infantry divisions; it provides the US with a series of crucial air-bases to back up the European defense line.

Mendès-France's promised reforms may create a transient atmosphere of *détente;* but he will need Homeric courage to steer for the long-term settlement accessible only beyond the Arab Scylla and the Berber-settler Charybdis. An intensification of policies palatable to the settlers and/or the Berber chiefs will touch off a campaign of all-out sabotage and terrorism in the Arab towns. Appeasement of the Arabs and *Istiqlal* will arouse Berber anger and colonist non-co-operation: if persisted in it could induce a Berber-settler alliance to take over the administration and—as already mooted—threaten a declaration of independence that would bring any French cabinet to its knees.

Algeria: If the Protectorates in Tunisia and Morocco are bound, by their very nature, to wind up one day, Algeria, in contrast, is French soil, annexed outright and incorporated into metropolitan France. As French subjects, the territory's nine million Arabs and Berbers and one million Europeans are specifically covered by the

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Atlantic Pact, and any attempt by the Arab League or, say, an independent Tunisia to "liberate" Algeria would theoretically run up against the whole armed might of NATO.

In Tunisia and Morocco the French found embryo nations, each with its own ruler and distinctive way of life. Algeria, significant only as a pirate stronghold, was a political vacuum between the two, whose scattered, feuding inhabitants did not even have an agreed name for either the country or themselves. For half a century, progressive assimilation of the native inhabitants of Algeria into the French nation, by a policy of planned educational and social evolution, was widely regarded—by Algerians and Frenchmen alike—as the ideal to be aimed at; but it foundered in the middle 1930's on the familiar rock of colonist myopia. Fearing for their political privileges the settlers vetoed an assimilationist plan drawn up by Léon Blum's Popular Front government for an extension of full civic rights to all educated Moslems, and thus rendered inevitable the development, under strong Communist impulsion, of an angry, frustrated Algerian nationalist movement.

Assimilationist currents are, however, still strong—among both Berber and Arab (chiefly the former) intellectuals in Algiers and the scores of thousands of Algerian workmen in France who, having once adopted a European mode of life—and, in a vast number of cases, married French women—are rarely eager to revert to an all-Moslem society. And the more perspicacious settlers have undoubtedly realized, however belatedly, that assimilation is their best shield against nationalist excesses. Since there is not the slightest possibility of France's relinquishing Algeria within the forseeable future, a fresh effort in this direction and — above all — a stepped-up rate of assimilation would clearly be in everyone's interest.

In view of the obvious permanency of France's stake in the territory, Algeria seems, to my mind, to provide a key to the whole North African problem. Its significance in this respect is twofold.

First—economically—it has been the scene of the most thoroughgoing development in the past, and today it is the site of technical and agronomical experiments and pilot-projects of immeasurable importance for the future of all North Africa. The work now under way there, especially in the Sahara, in such varied fields as the exploitation of solar energy and the utilization of underground water resources, will show the Tunisian and Moroccan technicians and farmers of tomorrow how to overcome the demographic problems that would otherwise make a mockery of whatever advances their countries might achieve up the scale of socio-political evolution. Mendès-France and his imaginative young braintrusters are keenly interested in these experiments—all of which are treasury-financed—and favor further substantial state investment in Algeria.

Second—socially and culturally—Algeria is the territory in which settlers and natives have, for all their differences, evolved furthest, side by side, in the direction of a genuine inter-racial, inter-cultural symbiosis, speaking each other's languages and appreciating each other's customs and institutions. Far more is done by the French authorities in Algeria to encourage and invigorate traditional native arts and crafts than by the independent governments of the Near East. Rarely have I heard more appreciative, more affectionate dissertations on Arabic literature, Islam and even Arab nationalism than in the homes of Frenchmen in Algiers. And rarely have I encountered more profound devotion to the culture and intellectual traditions of France than in the company of Algerian Arabs and Berbers. Here are the foundations of an entente too precious to be jeopardized.

As the Tunisians and Moroccans steadily become masters in their own houses there will be a natural tendency for French settlers in the two Protectorates to sell out and move over the frontier into Algeria. This is bound to happen, tragic as it may seem and however watertight the guarantees negotiated on the settlers' behalf. It would be logical if the French Government, in collaboration with the Tunisian and Moroccan authorities, were to facilitate a complementary migration and help finance the resettlement in Tunisia and Morocco of Algerians with no taste for assimilation and an ardent desire to live under a Moslem regime. The actual number of Algerians wishing to take advantage of such a scheme might well be small, but the mere fact of its existence—of there being a freely available alternative to French rule—would transform the political climate. And French willingness to envisage a voluntary population exchange of this kind, to put the idea at its crudest, would smooth the way to agreement in Morocco.

Both Moroccans and Tunisians reject, not unreasonably, French notions of co-sovereignty and suggestions that settlers should have either extra-territorial privileges or dual nationality. On the other hand, it is obviously desirable that in at least one part of North Africa settlers should be freed permanently from fear of fanaticism and dispossession. The solution—the only rational solution—is for France to work toward a partition of the region into areas of untrammeled independence (Tunisia and Morocco) and an area of continued French settlement and administration (Algeria), with frontiers open to fairly free migration. Existing economic and cultural links between France and the two Protectorates, and access to Algerian research stations and development projects, would give the leaders of Tunisia and Morocco a permanent vested interest in collaboration with Paris and Algiers and in the success of the North African experiment in "co-existence" as a whole.

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While You Weren't Looking

Less Oil, More Profit

by Tom Fitzsimmons

EARLIER this month, the *New York Times* ran an inconspicuous story explaining why Interior Secretary Douglas McKay plans to abandon the Bureau of Mines' oil shale plant at Rifle, Colorado (*NR*, August 9): "Crude oil now is in super-abundant supply." This was the reason given by McKay. It was the reason supplied McKay by the oil companies which have long wanted the plant closed down. But it is not true.

The US uses nearly eight million barrels of oil *each day*. We import 12 percent of that. Conservative estimates see that figure more than doubled by 1970—16 years. In the past, even the highest estimates of demand always have been ridiculously low—we reached the eight-million-a-day figure seven years ahead of schedule—and no one has ever made an error on the high side. Eugene Ayres, of Gulf Research and Development, one of our most eminent authorities on sources of energy, predicts that US production will reach a peak of between three and 3.5 billion barrels a year between 1960 and 1970, with imports becoming increasingly essential to us just as a world shortage begins to develop. Hardly a "super-abundant supply."

Yet throughout the Rocky Mountain area lie immense deposits of a hard, green rock: shale. Easily mined, it produces, when cracked under high temperature, a waxy substance similar to oil. That substance can be refined into gasoline, jet fuel, diesel and boiler fuel, wax or coke. There is enough high-grade shale lying around in this country to give 80 billion barrels of oil. And there is 3 or 4 times that much low-grade shale: equal to some 200 billion barrels more. The total "proved" petroleum reserve of the US amounts to some 35 billion barrels. Estimates of ultimate US reserves range around 100 billion barrels; there may be more oil than that here, but it will become progressively more difficult and expensive to find and pump.

Proven reserves for the world stand at some 100 billion barrels. A thousand billion in ultimate reserves is assumed; even if twice that much is found (20 times the proved amount), peak world production would be reached by the end of this century. The rest of the world is increasing its consumption much more rapidly than we are. Just about the time imports become essential to us, they will become increasingly expensive through competitive bidding from the rest of the world, and their availability will drop sharply.

Oilwise, we just barely scraped through World War II. So in 1944 Congress passed the Liquid Fuels Act authorizing government experiments with coal and shale as sources of oil. With no certainty of perfecting a profitable process, private industry was not willing to pay for the large-scale effort necessary. Eventually the Bureau of Mines built expensive plants at Louisiana, Missouri (coal) and Rifle, Colorado (shale). The aim was to develop a technology capable of exploiting these vast natural resources. Success promised to make the US independent of foreign oil sources in the event of another war and to prevent a peacetime shortage. But if oil could be manufactured at a cost close to that of pumping and refining natural petroleum, the oil industry, which has been hiking its prices almost every year, would be in for tough competition. And the high profits it derived from imported oil also would be threatened: Standard Oil of New Jersey has only 40 percent of its capital invested in foreign wells, but it makes 60 percent of its profit from the oil those wells produce; its domestic investment is 60 percent, from which it gets only 40 percent of its profits. Standard Oil of New Jersey took the lead in insisting that the Louisiana and Rifle plants be shut down.

The Republicans, indebted even more heavily than Democrats to oil-men for campaign contributions, listened. Shortly after taking office, Secretary McKay closed down the Louisiana plant. It had cost the government some $75 million. It was operated for only a year, but had already arrived at a point where it could produce gasoline selling profitably at 19 cents a gallon; commercial gasoline is priced at about 12 cents at the refinery, 16 cents on the West Coast. The plant now is idle. Not one-tenth of the data it could have provided if allowed to operate another two or three years is available. And the "art" of processing coal into oil, the "feel" which comes only from constant working with a process, has been lost.

Now McKay has turned to the Rifle, Colorado, plant. Here he has to be careful. Some oil companies—notably Union Oil of California—own shale land. Sen. Eugene Millikin, Republican of Colorado, owns more. Sen. Edwin Johnson, Democrat, and every Colorado Congressman is alert because shale-processing could become Colorado's chief industry. Although he blandly announced that he would not request an extension of the Liquid Fuels Act—due to expire next April—and that he

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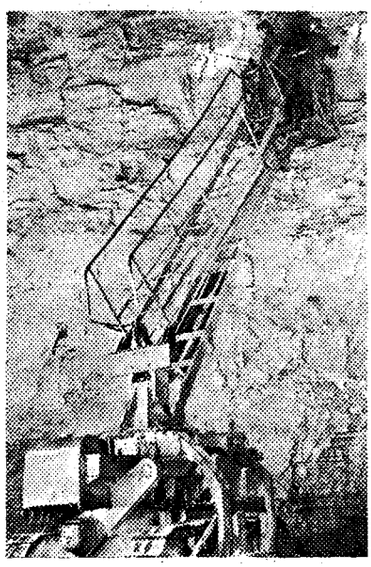
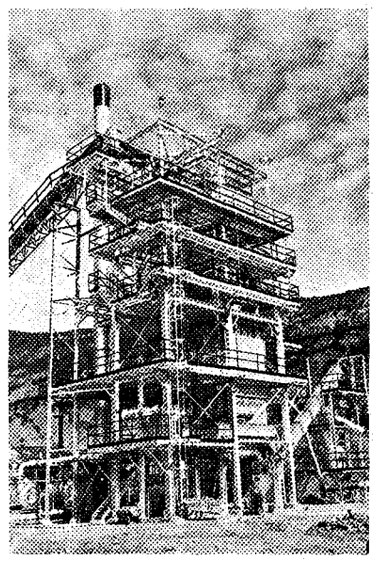


OIL SHALE is a hard, green rock found in huge laminated deposits (left) throughout the Rocky Mountains, especially in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. Easily mined, it is then placed in a giant retort (right) at the Rifle, Colorado, Bureau of Mines Plant and cracked by intense heat to drive the oil out of the rock. It is estimated that we have enough shale in the US to produce nearly 300 billion barrels of oil. Our present reserves of natural petroleum amount to some 100 billion barrels.



planned to close government plants producing helium, titanium and zirconium as well as the Rifle plant, McKay immediately had to send his then Under-Secretary Ralph A. Tudor to testify before the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee that certainly no action would be taken without the approval of Congress. Now, as if seeking a disinterested opinion, McKay has asked the National Petroleum Council to set up a committee to advise him if the Rifle plant should be closed—*although the Council had already, on February 26, 1953, stated its opposition to the government continuing its work there.*

The Rifle plant, like the Louisiana plant when it was shut down, is just reaching the point where investment is beginning to give results. It can now produce gasoline to be sold at 16.2 cents a gallon, which includes a 6 percent profit. A new giant retort (heating mechanism) costing $500,000 was installed in the Spring of this year, and the technicians are just beginning to find out what it can do. They need at least another year. They won't get it if McKay has his way.

It is natural that industry—whose only reason for existence is to earn profits—should try to minimize competition. It is natural, too, that it should try to convince government that its own short-term view should be adopted. But while government has no duty to help industry, it also has a duty to balance any one group's short-term goals against the long-term needs of a nation. If government, as industry complains, has become too big and is involved in too many operations best done by private concerns, it is because industry refused to satisfy so many of this nation's needs when the profit in doing so seemed too questionable or distant. On the whole, industry seems to have learned that it cannot operate quite as irresponsibly as it did in the 1920's. Yet ever since the political party most sympathetic to its complaints has taken over administration of the government, that party has sought, not to transfer government operations to private firms willing to take on the entire job, but to transfer such operations as could be only partially performed by the profit-seeking concern, or to abandon the operation altogether: a policy which will eventually —as it did in the 30's—lead to government taking on more and more jobs that have to be done.

The production of synthetic fuels is not today profitable. It will not tomorrow be as profitable as increasing imports of oil from the Middle East. But perfection of the techniques required to exploit the vast unused resources represented by shale must be achieved as soon as possible for two reasons: (1) in the event of war we may not be able to hold the Middle East, and if we cannot we will have to meet from our resources not only our needs, but the needs of all our European allies who together use three million barrels of oil a day and produce 100,000; and (2) even normal peacetime growth in demand requires that we be ready to supplement our natural reserves of petroleum within another 15 years. It does not essentially matter whether the job of perfecting synthetic fuel technology is done by government or industry, provided it is done. What we have, however, is an industry at once insisting that government abandon its efforts and refusing to take on the expense of doing the job itself.

In the meantime, the Communist world is busy with fuel research. Russia has built a number of plants for processing both coal and shale into oil, Rumania has at least one shale plant, those in East Germany and Czechoslovakia are back in production, and other Iron Curtain countries are reported building.

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Delhi Dispatch Seeking an Asian Identity

For once, Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, and John Foster Dulles, US Secretary of State, find themselves in the same dilemma about the same project. Their common objective, pursued from diametrically opposite directions, is the security of Southeast Asia. Dulles has been busy at Manila evolving a South East Asia Treaty Organization designed to block aggression. Nehru in New Delhi is concentrating on expanding the "area of peace" in Southeast Asia through a proposed Afro-Asian Conference.

A year or so ago, Dulles explained why he hesitated to apply the principles of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to Southeast Asia: a sort of a common ground had been created for the Atlantic Community of nations by a common civilization, culture and religion and also by the corporate experience of the two World Wars; no such unity of outlook existed in Asia. Now he has nevertheless started to move, keeping his fingers crossed.

Behind Nehru's invitation to the Indonesian Prime Minister to come to Delhi and thrash out certain details of the proposed Afro-Asian Conference lurks a similar apprehension. Asia is not yet a state of mind; it is merely a geographic expression.

The semblance of unity at Manila was born of negative rather than positive forces. It was the feeling of exclusion because of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains that bestowed a defensive and fitfully shared purpose to the nations which met there. The half-valid psychological atmosphere that inspires Nehru is also created by a negative pressure. If there has been an Eastern outlook, an Asian outlook, it has been fostered by the realization that the Asian countries have been excluded by the West.

The idea of the Afro-Asian Conference was mooted at the Colombo Conference and it was decided that the proposed parley should take place by October or November, 1954. Indonesia, the host, is anxious to abide by the deadline. The Prime Minister of Ceylon, Kotelawala, on the other hand, wants to postpone the convention until next year, and Nehru may be similarly inclined.

When it comes to evolving an agenda for the proposed Afro-Asian Conference, consideration of the SEATO cannot be excluded. That in itself would prove to be a bone of contention among various Asian countries. But at the same time, an alternate plan cannot be delayed for long.

The question of participation is even more complicated. Whom to ask and whom to exclude? Where does Asia end and where is it that America begins?

Two proposals have been made. The first is based on the logic of geography. Indonesia is an enthusiastic advocate of the geographic approach: it believes in inviting China. India's point of view is not much different, because Nehru's "area of peace" has the overtones of Eden's "Locarno," and it presupposes a covenant between the fearing and the feared. At the same time, Delhi is conscious of the difficulties of inviting China. If China is excluded, the Conference will look like a ganging up business against the East; if China is included and others are not, the Afro-Asian Conference will look like a ganging up attempt against the West.

Thus, if China is invited, Japan, Korea, the Philippines and Thailand cannot very well be excluded. Of late, Australia and New Zealand have begun claiming to be free Asian countries and their presence in any Asian organization which includes China is deemed desirable: China has 10 million men under arms, and this mighty factor has to be balanced somehow if the organization is not to be dominated by one power. Then there is in Western Asia the rivalry between Israel and the Arab countries. If all these nations are invited to the Afro-Asian Conference, the group will look like a bantam edition of the United Nations.

To avoid these complications, the other school advocates that invitations be restricted to those who form the present Afro-Asian group in the United Nations. But even this escapist formula does not provide a bed of roses; the rivalries between Israel and the Arab States has to a great extent paralyzed the Afro-Asian group in the United Nations, and it is likely to paralyze whatever emerges out of the proposed Afro-Asian Conference.

One perplexing problem will remain whether the list of invitees is drawn up according to the logic of geography or according to the system now prevailing at the United Nations. Sooner or later, the positions of Formosa, Korea and the three States of Indo-China will have to be defined by a broad understanding among Asian nations, including China. Until that is done, any organization for Southeast Asia, whether of Dulles' or Nehru's conception, will remain a half-hearted attempt and will have some undertones of ganging up against this block or that.

Meanwhile, a feeling is gathering force, almost every week, with the return of each of the numerous delegations to China, that the land of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai is in a mood to abide by the inhibitions of co-existence, to renounce the Communist principle of perpetual revolution although not Communism itself, to refrain from fomenting revolutions in foreign countries through infiltration and subversion. The five principles of the Tibet Agreement between India and China are an affirmation of this assumption by India and a guarantee by China. Nehru therefore is encouraging bilateral agreements between China and other Southeast Asian countries in the hope that a cumulation of such bilateral treaties will prepare the ground for a multilateral understanding and organization. Even Delhi realizes that the "area of peace" in Southeast Asia presupposes the resolution of fears entertained by several countries in Southeast Asia toward China. This is perhaps the main reason why Nehru is counseling caution and proposing a postponement of the Afro-Asian Conference. The thing has to be done, but impatience could spoil it.

New Delhi K. SHRIDHARANI

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BOOKS & COMMENT

In Praise of the Rejected

by Malcolm Cowley

I WANT to write a little memorial and open letter to one type of American author. The type consists of men and women who, after making a promising start and even after publishing several books, are forced to realize that they have lost their public. Sometimes they have lost their talent as well; their new books are badly fabricated instead of being imagined and readers aren't held or persuaded by them. But sometimes the authors may write as well as before, or better, and find that fashions have changed. Their new books don't even impress the first audience of publishers' editors. "That man Burnside," the editors say, "is still a pretty good novelist, but he's jinxed. We'd better not take him on."

The magazine editors who used to accept Burnside's work have retired or found other jobs; perhaps the magazines have ceased publication. His biography disappears from *Who's Who,* though his name is still printed there with a sign indicating that information about him can be found in an earlier volume. Burnside looks at the name and feels as if he had been exiled living to the land of spooks. He can still talk but nobody hears him, nobody knows that he exists.

There are many Burnsides in American literature—more than there are in France or England, where the reading public has a longer memory. Some of them are my friends of long standing. Recently one of them sent me a letter after a long silence. "This is my situation," it started:

> Since the war I have written three novels and about fifteen short stories. I have pledged three stories. I was struck the other day by reading that Auden said that nothing much is important, but to be published is important. As long as one is published there is a connection, there is a link, there is a functioning, there is the opposite of vacuum. The terrible thing is to feel that you're in a vacuum, that what you have done with so much effort will never, never reach anybody; that the moment will come after you're dead when the papers you have left will, unread by anyone, and discarded, start yellowing and burning.
>
> To have left no trace in the continuum is terrible. Then you are really unremarked dust. If you are published, however obscurely, there is a chance that somewhere on a dusty shelf, in some attic, lining some closet, as part of the binding of a book, there are words of yours left. Then you are still somehow alive.

I HAVE another letter from this friend, who used to be a fairly well known writer before his four years in military service. The second letter is undated and fifty years ago it would have been a scrawl, but now authors go to the typewriter when they want to say something very fast and truly, from the bottom of their minds. Here it is:

> I sing the failures of the world, those who wanted-to-be but never-became. The Hemingways and Faulkners do not need my song because the glory of the world is theirs. Neither do the Kafkas and Stendhals need it any longer; the songs of others rose over their graves. I sing of the forever obscure, the failures in perpetuum, through the eventual doom. I sing of girls with thick ankles who wanted to be ballet dancers, of potentially great singers who had a permanent frog in the throat.
>
> I do not sing of evaders like Casanova who after all did escape from the Leads, but of the countless others who never got away, of those who found a pin in the corner of their cell, and who after thirty years of digging with the pin, broke out into the open to see a guard waiting for them. I do not sing of the man who put up the main rose window in the center nave at Chartres, but of the other man who competed for the job with him, who drew cartoons and went to the bishop and was encouraged, and who was certain he would get the commission, but who did not after all get it. I don't know if there was such a man, but I imagine him and I sing to him.
>
> I think of all the jobs never gotten, letters never received, books never published, paintings never sold, telephone rings never heard, hopes never fulfilled, dreams never realized; I have a song for all of them, while I breathe the air that doesn't surround them and see the earth that doesn't cover them. I think of muscles unflexed, conceptions unconceived, high resolves unresolved; I not only think of them, I feel them, I experience them, and being past the mood of frustration I sublimate them into a song. But even that is a failure, a flop; it deserves the bird, a tomato in the face. I don't sing very well.

But my friend was unjust to himself, or was boasting in an inverted fashion, as writers sometimes do. Very often he sings well, and never better than when he celebrates his failure to sing. Also he is tougher than most people I know and has a better family situation: his wife is employed, he earns money by odd jobs, and he will keep on writing until some day his work may be estimated at its true value—or at more than its value, by the law of compensation. Others in his predicament, the tender souls, are in danger of dying before their time, because discouragement makes them prone to accidents and less resistant to disease.

I don't know whether insurance companies have tried to estimate the life expectancy of writers. Such figures, if compiled, might show that writing was one of the riskier occupations, comparable in its mortality rates with deep-sea diving, structural-steel working, and piloting experimental planes. A writer is always experimenting with new methods of soaring to heights or plunging into depths. He always has to struggle with the invisible opponent that is his own subconscious, and sometimes the fruits of the struggle are only exhaustion and dispiritedness. The mortality rate is highest among unsuccessful writers, and some day insurance agents will be cautioned against issuing policies on their lives.

Successful writers—I don't mean the financially successful, but those who carry on their work from year to year with a feeling of accomplishment—are likely to live a long time. One thinks of all the white-maned nineteenth-century

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poets, the grandfathers; in the middle 1950's they have their successors in Robert Frost, Walter de la Mare, Somerset Maugham, Thomas Mann. But other recognized and talented writers had succumbed at an early age, and sometimes at the moment of success, to what were in many cases occupational diseases: alcoholism, overwork, melancholia, and suicide.

I have written, or have been asked to write, too many obituaries and memoirs of writers my own age or younger, my acquaintances or friends whose work I admired: Hart Crane, Thomas Wolfe, Scott Fitzgerald, Nathanael West, John Peale Bishop, Genevieve Taggard, F. O. Matthiessen, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Dylan Thomas—not to mention others of perhaps equal talent, but not so wide an audience: Phelps Putnam, Jack Wheelwright, Harry Crosby and our own Otis Ferguson. There isn't one of them who shouldn't be doing his best work today.

On Josephine Tey

IT HAS BEEN said that Hammett took the mystery out of the vicar's garden and put it in the hands of those who knew what murder was about. Allowing the too apparent truth of where the pseudo-Hammetts dragged this body of fiction, I wonder if it cannot be said that Josephine Tey spirited it back to the vicar's garden. And there, I submit, it is neither more nor less seemly, and possibly a bit more newsworthy.

Three by Tey, by Josephine Tey (Macmillan; $3.95).

A cadaver is a cadaver in any morgue, a corpse a corpse in any coffin. The difference lies not in the dead, but in the living; not in the sightless but in the viewers. Brutality is not necessarily realism any more than compassion is necessarily sentimentality. What fouls us up, and I use the word "foul" in its most offensive sense, is getting sentimental over brutality.

The vicar's garden may seem to imply a small world. It is small only if the vicar is small minded, and of course my allusion is meant only to imply the pleasantness of the company of the late Josephine Tey. She knew her share of vicars: it is quite as impossible to ignore the vicar in England as it is to miss teatime. And as foolish. There was practically no stratum of English society with which she was not conversant, and if any one characteristic most distinguished Miss Tey's work it was her power to evoke character, atmosphere, mores by conversation. Her people talk as though speech comes natural to them. It is good talk as well as story propelling. Indeed it makes one nostalgic for the art of conversation.

"Josephine Tey" was one of two pseudonyms of Elizabeth Mackintosh. It is not surprising to learn that under the other, "Gordon Daviot," she wrote chiefly plays, the best-remembered of which was *Richard of Bordeaux.* Her talent was not changed with a name. The dramatist's evocation runs through all of Tey. And really, as James Sandoe says in his excellent introduction to *Three by Tey,* choosing a favorite from among the eight mysteries Miss Tey wrote is like trying to select a favorite Alec Guinness film. Something particularly endearing leaps to mind out of one after another of them. I am partial to *The Daughter of Time* which is not in this trio, but having said that I am immediately tempted to say: no, rather I think *The Franchise Affair,* which is.

Elizabeth Canning provoked a notorious scandal in the eighteenth century. To this scandal Miss Tey acknowledged inspiration, but oh, how lightly she leaned upon history. A mother and daughter, living at The Franchise, an isolated house, are accused of kidnapping and enslaving Betty Kane, a girl of excellent reputation and good upbringing. The *Ack-Emma,* a tabloid, takes up the girl's case and an irate community lends a hand in the administration of "justice." Not much of a plot. All Miss Tey's plots could have been written on the back of a match box. But her characters have the diversity of flame, and the sum of their impact is as irresistible.

Miss Pym Disposes is the gentlest of these welcome reissues, and to me the most flavorsome. There is no violence until near the end, and by then the accumulating tension cries out for it. Along with the modest Lucy Pym, who has written *the* book on psychology but cannot accomodate herself to the fame it brings her, here is as likeable a set of girls as any school could matriculate. My pet is Teresa Desterro, a South American student nicknamed "the nut tart." Miss Pym speculates about her:

> But Lucy looked forward to meeting a Nut Tart, and sitting in the sunlit garden digesting the dietetic marvels she pondered the name. 'Nut' was Brazil, perhaps. It was also the modern slang for 'dippy' or 'daft,' she believed. But 'tart'? Surely not!

In *Brat Farrar,* the third book, violence is again tardy, lamentable and inevitable. Brat is an imposter who falls in love with the family upon whom he imposes. His search for honor in dishonor makes him as touching a figure as any of Miss Tey's reluctant heroes.

Allan Grant, Miss Tey's Scotland Yard man, and himself the most reluctant of heroes, is present here only in *The Franchise Affair,* and in that he is the antagonist, bringing the case against the women of the Franchise. This is a truly remarkable putting of a detective in his proper place! It must have given Miss Tey a great deal of pleasure to relegate him now and then. So many of her esteemed colleagues in the field have become slaves to their detectives. Grant is perilously human for a detective of fiction: he sometimes sniffles, as who could escape it in the English clime; in one book he needed to go off to Scotland because of an impending breakdown; and in what I believe is a classic use of the detection technique he pursues that wiliest of demons, history, until it yields an amazingly convincing confession about Richard III, the purported murderer of the princes in the Tower—this while Grant is strung up like a plucked fowl, with a broken leg.

It is amusing to find in *Miss Pym Disposes* the prophesy of this adventure met with in misadventure. A teacher, on being invited to see *Richard III,* comments: "A criminal libel on a fine man, a blatant piece of political propaganda, and an extremely silly play." Was this Miss Tey's promise to herself that she should one day set her literate sleuth upon the detractors of an unfortunate king?

I know that upon reading *The Daughter of Time* I promised myself that if ever I got to London I should search the National Portrait Gallery for Richard III. I did just that. It was a rewarding pilgrimage—in seeing the painting

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which presumably sent Grant on his quest for truth, in seeing the gallery, and in a conversation with the bus driver who put me down at the right stop and told me to be sure to go to another gallery also, and to look up his favorite painting, a Constable:

> I sometimes goes there on my day off and just sits and looks and listens. And do you know if you listens hard enough, you can hear that little dog in the corner bark?

For this I was indebted to the provocativeness of Josephine Tey, and I thought how she herself would have enjoyed such an encounter. What more can be asked of books than that they provoke laughter, more reading, discussion, a pilgrimage? Much of the praise of Miss Tey has been written since her death, no uncommon occurence surely, but it does make one sad that after all "truth is the daughter of time."

DOROTHY SALISBURY DAVIS

The Other America

AS LATIN AMERICA enters upon the world stage—not with a whimper but a bang, if recent events in British Guiana, Guatemala and Brazil are indicative—we *norte-americanos* had better learn all we can as fast as we can about our southern neighbors. New events seem to be in the making which may render impossible, one of these days, a calm and rational study of those who share this hemisphere with us.

This New World: The Civilization of Latin America, by William Lytle Schurz (Dutton; $3).

"Latin America," as various writers have pointed out, is an unfortunate, all-inclusive term which makes one think of the world south of the Rio Grande as a single, uniform mass. The average American (another false label, for our neighbors are also Americans) probably assumes, for example, that our southern neighbors are all Spanish-speaking; but one out of three speaks Portuguese, and of the remainder, several million claim French and still others Dutch and English as their native tongues. This and other North American myths have been debunked in a number of books, most of them unread by the general public. But none known to this reviewer gives the reader a sense of the rich variety and color of the Latin Americans that *This New World* does.

Dr. Schurz gives you the feeling that indeed a new world is being created from the very roots, beginning literally with the creation of new human types and new nations. No part of the Eastern Hemisphere can be considered new in the same fundamental sense, the "new" countries of Asia or Africa simply being political and social adaptations and not original societies. Here in the Western Hemisphere we are producing entirely new societies, perhaps even a new civilization.

The Latin American—here we are generalizing for a moment—is essentially a mixture of three basic strains: Indian aborigine (Aztec, Maya, Inca or other), Spanish (or Portuguese) conqueror, African slave. Out of this has come a *mestizo* civilization quite different from any of its three original components. (To the three, of course, was later added a fourth, consisting of migrants from non-Iberian European lands, whose influence in such countries as Argentina is perhaps as great as the Iberian.)

But beneath this "Latin American," this *mestizo*—who is still, by the way, in a state of evolution—lies the Chilean, the Brazilian, the Venezuelan, the Haitian, the product of the special combination of human factors which came together in certain areas to form nations. Make no mistake about it, most of the nations of Latin America are as different from one another, despite their common background and (often) common language, as are the nations of Europe. Traveling through Central and South America, one gradually realizes how foolish he would be to mistake a Colombian for a Bolivian. Dr. Schurz explains some of the factors making for nationality differences, chief among them being, in the reviewer's opinion, geography and climate. In a fine first chapter, "The Environment," Dr. Schurz shows how astonishingly varied it is. One need but think of the extremes—from the towering Andes to the lush Amazon, from snow in Patagonia to heavy rain in the Guianas—to realize the tremendous role that the natural environment has been playing in the molding of different types.

Some Latin American nation-states are, however, largely undigested conglomerations of peoples, and it is a pity that Dr. Schurz did not suggest that. Peru, for example, old and rich in tradition though it be throughout both the Inca and Spanish periods, is not really a nation, if by that term we mean a body of people who not only inhabit the same territory but have in common the same language, culture, customs and outlook. The "Peru" we usually have reference to consists of some two to three million *blancos* and *cholos* who are the officials, shopkeepers, urban workers, and so on, and have a Western orientation; the other Peru, which is virtually unknown to us, comprises some five million Indians who live in the rural and mountain regions and speak, dress, work and think much as their Inca ancestors did before the Conquest. (A similar dichotomy, if that we may call it, exists in other "Indian" countries such as Bolivia, Ecuador and Guatemala. It is not irrelevant to note that the Peruvian revolutionary, Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, once envisioned an "Indo-American" union consisting of these countries.)

One of the most fascinating Latin American nations is Brazil. In view of the situation precipitated there by the suicide of President Getulio Vargas, we are fortunate that Dr. Schurz has more to say about the Brazilians than any other Latin American people.

Dr. Schurz' description of the Brazilians as the "Chinese of the New World" struck this reviewer with particular force since it is the reviewer's opinion that, politically, Brazil is in danger of becoming the "China of the New World." The two nations have in common, Dr. Schurz thinks, an "oriental quality," "strong family feeling," "distrust of government," a business "atmosphere of guile and wile" and a "gift of gab." To these may be added more tangible similarities, such as a semi-feudal and under-productive agricultural system, a runaway industrial machine that has outstripped power and transportation facilities, and attendant inflation, poverty and illiteracy on an incredible scale. Add also an abysmal lack of morality in both business and politics, unbelievable corruption in government, a rampant nationalism that seeks a scapegoat in the foreigner and you have something near the brew that

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boiled over in China. There is even an astute and growing Communist Party commanded by a Mao-type leader, Luiz Carlos Prestes, ready to pounce upon the body of the hemisphere's second largest country.

Brazil's tragedy is all the greater because it reflects the tragedy of Latin America. With a fast-growing population—55 million now and an expected 90 million by the year 2000—and with perhaps the richest storehouse on earth—containing everything from basic minerals to precious stones and highly desireable crops—Brazil should by now be a world power. Unfortunately, she has proved unable to utilize fully her human and natural resources because of her historical failure—a failure shared by the rest of Latin America—to resolve problems that, having lived beyond their rightful span, are poisoning the atmosphere with their odor of putrefaction.

Perhaps the "predominance of feeling over intelligence" which Dr. Schurz notes in the Brazilians is typical of most Latin Americans. If so, that may be a reason why Latin America has remained for so long a hinterland. That period, however, now seems to be over. Volcanic social forces are causing Latin America to erupt into the forefront of history. DANIEL JAMES

Legacy from Brazil

FOR MANY REASONS the Noonday Press has deserved well of the Republic of Letters, but for no reason more persuasive than this: that in two years it has given us serviceable, sometimes excellent, translations of the three great novels which are the permanent legacy of Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis. For more than seventy years his name has been one to conjure with—not only in his native Brazil, but in the literate whole of the Latin continent and Europe. It is consequently gratifying to have at our disposal, however late, the major work of one of the few modern writers who seem sure of survival.

The first of these novels, published in 1880, was *Memorias postumas de Bras Cubas,* brought out here (1952) in William L. Grossman's translation with the title *Epitaph of a Small Winner.* The second was *Quincas Borba* (1892), which becomes, in Clotilde Wilson's translation, *Philosopher or Dog?* The third, and probably the finest—though it is hard to choose—was *Dom Casmurro* (1900), which appeared, title intact, in Helen Caldwell's translation published in 1953.

No satirist, not even Swift, is less merciful in his exposure of the pretentiousness and the hypocrisy that lurk in the average good man and woman. Machado, in his deceptively amiable way,

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Philosopher or Dog?, by Machado de Assis; translated by Clotilde Wilson (Noonday; $3.50).

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is terrifying. I do not see how a man who has thoughtfully read *Bras Cubas* and *Dom Casmurro* can ever be quite the same as he was before. Suddenly he has seen himself—a blessedly rare experience!—and this without the compulsion of the Swiftian rage or the *tu quoque* of the social moralist, but merely between the lines of a suavely told tale. He may insist that all this happened in another country, and, besides, the girl spoke Portuguese; but where is the comfort if in his heart he knows that this improbable mulatto novelist was the prophet Nathan all the time?

Applied to art, the Personal Heresy is a dangerous one. Ideally, I suppose, a work should be able to stand on its own without reference to the history of the artist, his problems, his neuroses, his love-affairs—all the gossip, personal and clinical, that enlivens and ennobles our daily contacts with one another. Thus, while I can demonstrate (and will, at the drop of a hat) that Aeschylus was not only a woman but also the founder of the Daughters of the Peloponnesian Revolution, I do not imagine that this revelation will materially alter our reading of the *Oresteia.*

Yet there are writers who, for one reason or another, seem to compel this kind of speculation. Perhaps it is their use of a recurrent symbol, as so often in Joyce and Proust; or it may be an extravagance suggesting idiosyncracy; or an obsession with patterns normal enough in themselves but, somehow, strangely urged. Machado is one of these writers. I do not mean that his novels cannot stand alone; they do, obviously. Nevertheless there are passages that yield more when we consider the history of the man who wrote them. What of this history? Most important, I should think, that Machado was born (1839) in miserable surroundings of an indigent syphilitic mulatto father and an illiterate Portuguese mother who died when the boy was still very young; that he came up the hardest possible way, fighting for everything that he knew he must have; that in spite of a relatively early literary success which developed dazzlingly, in spite of the highest honors which his country could give him, in spite of a long and apparently untroubled marriage, he was haunted throughout life by his negroid features, his myopia, his body ugly almost to the point of deformity, and his epilepsy. It would be easy—too easy—to account for his pessimism, which comes close to nihilism, simply by pointing to these facts. Yet they "explain" nothing. At most, they shed some light on problems which are not essential to the meaning of the novels, but which have a legitimate place in any discussion of them.

Thus, the society with which Machado is concerned is the now nearly extinct upper middle class of merchants, professional men, government officials, and the petty nobility. Wealth is everything: there is an insistence upon money, not so much as a comfortable thing to have, the "divine emollient," as it is a desirable thing in and for itself. Machado's interiors are suffocatingly, Jamesianly elegant; his ladies and gentlemen, in their dress, their appointments, and their social deportment, are such ladies and gentlemen as we shall never see again.

Well, this was his chosen *milieu;* he had won it, and it was his by right; but somehow the very insistence suggests too much admiration for the façade—but no admiration for what goes on behind the façade!—and a certain insecurity. Dom Casmurro is married, but his marriage is the hell of Othello, a deliberate exercise of self-delusion. Of the other two heroes, Bras Cubas loathes and adores his mistress Virgilia, the wife of his best friend; Rubiao, in *Philosopher or Dog?,* loathes and adores the wife of his best friend and business partner and dies insane. Virgilia is not heartless, but drainingly dreadful; Rubiao's Sophia is both heartless and dreadful; and as for poor Capitu, who had the misfortune to marry Dom Casmurro, she seems to have found her life's little pleasure in adultery with her husband's boyhood friend.

The pattern is constant: marriage vio-

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lated, either in act or in contemplation (the latter, Jesus teaches us, is as grave as the former); love, such as it is, is rewarded by rejection or by betrayal; and friendship will resist these strains so long as money is involved. Again, it is the insistence that is interesting: as though the author, with all the perversities and deformities of humanity at his disposal, were somehow compelled to seek his symbols in this grantedly ancient predicament.

It is perfectly proper—it is not even a symptom of spiritual decay—for a writer to compose variations on the theme of "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Indeed, there are pessimistic satirists whose pessimism is really an inverted optimism. Swift, we are told, was one of these: he couldn't have got so angry unless things were essentially ameliorable; and, besides, look how he loved those darling Houyhnhnms! Anyhow, we gotta be *con*structive, not *des*tructive. True. But if it is true, how do I dare assert permanency for these novels by Machado, to say nothing of listing him among the few great writers of our time? For really I do not find a *con*structive thought in him—not even, I am afraid, that generous pity for the wayward and the lost. (True, he admits a number of amiable characters, but they are always subsidiary and somehow more pitifully lost than the protagonists themselves. Significantly, the most amiable of them all is a mongrel dog.) He is not a poet of the *lacrimae rerum* school. And this is all the more frightening because he sounds so genial—I am tempted to say "mellow."

In the first place, he is a master of the lucid lyric style. Even in translation this clarity comes through, this gay, almost inconsequential handling of social death. It takes great tact—a greater tact than he could ever have learned from his acknowledged master Laurence Sterne—to thrust so deep with so little apparent effort. In the second place, he knows the secret of the incongruously laconic, and this in spite of all his stylistic and typographical pirouettings. We remember the quality—it is disgust—which Swift achieves when he has tiny Gulliver examine the pores and hairs on the skin of the Ladies-in-Waiting in Brobdingnag. This is how Machado does it in *Philosopher or Dog?*: a *tête-à-tête,* with Rubiao in a state of erotic frenzy; Sophia, thinking she hears someone coming, claps her hand over his mouth; and "At the touch of that beloved epidermis, Rubiao lost his voice." *Ao contacto d'aquella epiderme querida* —that's all; but what has happened to love? or, rather, what has *not* happened? Not Swift, not all the Church Fathers with their cries of *O esca vermium! O massa pulveris!*, disposed of the subject so neatly as does Machado with that one bleak word *epiderme.* Or again, the wonderful first sentence of the chapter in the *Epitaph* when Bras Cubas is finally sure that Virgilia loves him: " 'Mine!' I said to myself, as another man claimed her for the next dance. . . ."

This is true comedy, and the comic is everywhere in Machado de Assis. He can be read for laughs; I suspect that all of his heroines except poor Capitu would have read him for laughs alone. Certainly some will find it risible that the only happy man in these novels is Rubiao, and he is happy only when he believes that he is Napoleon III. But one need hardly say that the sense of comedy which teaches that insanity is a prerequisite of happiness is not likely to be popular. Yet the laugh, however wry, goes deeper and hurts more than the snarl or the invective. Fortunately, Machado gives us both for comparison. Dr. Grossman's brilliant retitling of the *Memorias postumas* is derived from Bras Cuba's last statement from beyond the tomb: he has "won," in a small sense, because "[he] had no progeny, [he] transmitted to no one the legacy of our misery." This is noble and Stoic writing; the modulations ring even in translation. But higher, I think, and more like Machado, is an anonymous and ancient epitaph for Dionysios of Tarsos:

At sixty I, Dionysios of Tarso, lie here, never having married: and I wish my father had not.

This is nihilism, the utterance of a mood; unfit, I should have said, for a work of extended proportions. But since Machado gives me the lie, as Hardy does in *Jude the Obscure,* I can conclude only that the mood has been transformed by the mysterious and unpredictable power of art.

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Town and Gown

AS ANDRE MAUROIS says, the adventure in higher education which the Deckers' report could have succeeded nowhere but in America. Here was a great city, prosperous and breezy, equally brave in business and timid in mind, which down to 1933 had never had a college. One who knew Kansas City would not have been surprised if a college of business or of chiropraxy had been established and had thriven. But a college of liberal arts? What chance could such an institution possibly have in an environment of merchants and manufacturers on the make, who had been contented with Boss Pendergast as a ruler so long as he was safely respectful to business.

A Place of Light: The Story of a University Presidency, by Clarence R. and Mary Bell Decker (Hermitage House; $3.75).

The University had been launched by a small group of enlightened business men, in a nabob's converted mansion. A small faculty was set up, a few students were enrolled, but there was no clear understanding of the several roles of Board, Faculty and Administration. As the initial enthusiasm cooled the college began to fall apart, and weak-hearted supporters looked forward to liquidation. Then Clarence Decker took over, first as Acting President, then as President. Or shall we say, Clarence and Mary Decker took over, for those two idealists form the closest-knit partnership one has ever known. Nobody, not even Clarence, knows what part of his policies sprang from his own mind, what part from Mary's.

With the Deckers the University got back on the track and began to move, slowly at first, then faster and finally with the speed of a "flier" on one of the railroads centering in Kansas City. Money was found, the Faculty expanded and strengthened, a magnificent building program launched and carried through. At the end of Decker's fifteen years in office the university was full-fledged, with 3500 students, a distinguished body of professors and a nation-wide educational reputation. This was the work of many hands, to be sure, but the co-ordinating and creative forces were the Deckers.

The Deckers are and always have been uncompromising liberals. They are liberals with faith in America, with the conviction that there is a liberal spark hidden under the ash in even the most reactionary breast. They believed that a liberal university, indeed the most liberal university, could succeed in Kansas City if Town and Gown could be drawn together in a net of mutual understanding. As a step toward this unity Decker organized a group of excellent evening courses, open to men and women of whatever scholastic training or none at all. He encouraged the resort to the university plant of institutes, research and discussion groups, and at the end of ten years could report that some hundreds of such organizations, with sixty thousand persons attending, resorted to the university every year.

But his most brilliant device for bringing the Town to the Gown was the development of the Visiting Professorship. From near and far scholars and artists of distinction were drawn to Kansas City University for terms of teaching ranging from six weeks to a full year or more. The townsman could hear and meet and make friends with men of mark whose names he had become familiar with through the press. There were also other guests of the university, perhaps for only a day or two, the President of the United States, the President of Mexico, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Madame Pandit, among scores of other notables. The Deckers kept open house for the guests of the University, the Faculty and the Town. What Town, however reactionary, could have resisted such social opportunity as the Deckers offered?

To a reader of the Deckers' delightful book the foreign relations of the University Presidency seem to have overshadowed the domestic relations. That is not true. The Deckers were deeply interested in developing a sound system of higher education, with a hard core of culture building, character building studies. They were interested in vocational education; but why educate vocationally moral and cultural illiterates? They held to democratic ideals of university development and made a place for student participation in educational policy along with Faculty and citizen participation. Decker opened the doors of the university to Japanese students evacuated from Pacific Coast universities. He was active in the rescue of European scholars, victims of Hitler. Quietly and without fanfare he abolished the bar upon Negro registration in the University, although no other educational institution in Missouri had ever admitted Negroes.

The University of Kansas City was indeed a place of light, under the Deckers. But where there is light there are also corners of darkness. There is no Paradise without the snake. The Deckers give no intimation whatever of the darkness and snakes. But how did it come that after a spectacular career of university building Clarence Decker, still at the height of his creative vigor, ceased to be President of the school?

Was it the stiffening of political reaction that made it seem to the Trustees inexpedient to retain so liberal a President? Perhaps. But I have never known of the displacement of the president of a university without a powerful movement against him in the Faculty.

I know nothing about the attitude of the Kansas City University Faculty toward President Decker. But I may surmise that there must have been many noses put out of joint by the introduction of eminent visiting scholars to outshine the hard-working local talent. There must have been envy of the brilliant social life of the President's house. And the disgruntlement and envy of professors flow underground to Town friends and through them to the Trustees. It was easy to say that the President's choice of visiting professors was left of center; easy to say that the absorption of the president's energies in an exacting social life left him anemic for ordinary educational administration.

All this is conjecture. What is not conjecture is that the University of Kansas City has suffered an irreparable loss in the displacement of Clarence Decker.

ALVIN JOHNSON

Notes on the Critics

MALCOLM COWLEY'S essay will appear in his new book, *The Literary Situation.* DOROTHY SALISBURY DAVIS writes short stories and mystery novels. DANIEL JAMES' next book, *Red Design for America: Guatemalan Prelude* will be published in October. DUDLEY FITTS has just published a translation of *Lysistrata.* ALVIN JOHNSON is the author of *Pioneer's Progress.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Trade With Red China

I most heartily support your campaign for a United States policy based on the premise that the "Chinese Communist regime is stable, that it is subject to outside influence and that it is not our objective to overturn it by aggressive war." I am glad that my article in the *Nation* provides you with ammunition, even though by way of an awful warning of the "nonsense" believed in this country about the possibilities of British-China trade.

But who is talking nonsense? China's ability to export, and therefore to import, has risen markedly, and is still rising. According to the United Nations *World Economic Report 1951-52* (table 30) her total exports of her main staple commodities (coal, groundnuts, tea, soya beans, etc.) were higher, some by as much as 50 percent, in 1951 compared to 1936. A significant exception is salt, which was formerly an important export to Japan. New commodities, such as tobacco, which she formerly imported, are now being exported.

She is at present running a small export surplus with the Sterling Area which she cannot spend as she wishes because of the embargo on British exports. Obviously no one can tell for certain how great the trade might become if political barriers were removed. Even the estimates which you dismiss as absurdly exaggerated put it only at $225-$280 million per annum for the near future. Over-all it is not a high figure, though it is a matter of very vital interest to particular firms (and their workers) who might take part in it. What is the logic of your argument? Surely if you believe that UK-China trade can never be more than trivial you should advocate the removal of all artificial obstacles to it, so that our illusions (if illusions they be) can be dissipated by contact with the facts?

You do not comment on the part of my article which dealt with the embargo on Japan-China trade. This is not so easy to laugh off. The British interest in the matter (apart from relieving the explosive situation in Japan which is likely soon to trouble us all) is in relaxing the pressure on markets for manufactures in the non-Communist world as a whole.

As for the "pot-bellied, naked little boys and girls sitting apathetically beside the gutters" in Peking—one of the most terrifying experiences of traveling on the other side of the looking-glass that at present divides the world is to find that one's companions from the West, observing the same scene as oneself, often appear to see something totally different. Whose eyes is one to believe? I wrote of the same scene—"The streets are lined with toddlers, playing about very free and perky"; of a nursery school "I can only report that (apart from their black hair) they were just the same, plump, merry, friendly little darlings that you would find in a nursery school at home"; and in a village: "I was shown cake made from the husks of beans after the oil has been extracted, which formerly people ate and are now given to the mules."

Naturally, for my part, I prefer to believe my own eyes, though I realize that every reader will choose from opposite descriptions of the same scene the one that fits his own preconceptions.

But do not let us dispute about details. We agree on the main point—the need for a sane, realistic and peaceful policy of the West towards China. For the rest, time will show.

JOAN ROBINSON

Cambridge, England

• • • Mr. Straight Replies

In my article ("Attlee in Peking," *NR,* September 6), I criticized as romantic the views of Mrs. Joan Robinson (the *Nation,* August 14) on Anglo-Chinese trade potentials. Mrs. Robinson makes four counter assertions which seem to require additional comment.

1. *China's ability to export is rising.* Chinese exports to the West have in fact declined from $535 million in 1950 to $435 million in 1953. The 1954 estimates indicate a further decline. The Federation of British Industries report assumes that the overseas markets for Chinese exports are diminishing because of the development of substitutes for China's traditional exports and of alternative sources of supply.

2. *Anglo-Chinese trade can be substantial.* Mrs. Robinson's figure of $223 to $280 million (the Chinese Communist estimate) seems to me unrealistic. It represents more than one-half of China's present exports to the entire West, and more than one quarter of her exportable surplus, a proportion of China's trade that Britain is not likely to achieve. However, it would still represent only three percent of British exports. This level of trade would not contribute significantly to Britain's economic difficulties, as Mrs. Robinson seemed to suggest.

3. *If trade is trivial—then liberate it!* The export of a few Rolls Royce jet engines from Britain to Russia was extremely trivial from an economic point of view. But it was not at all trivial to contributing to Soviet air power as the performance of Soviet fighters in the Korean war proved.

In the same way all trade negotiations with China have ended in the Communist demand for strategic and military items. The British government as well as ours holds that the export of these items to China, or to Russia *via* China would be highly undesirable and economically very costly in compelling us to accelerate our rearmament programs.

4. *Trade is essential between Japan and China.* In her article Mrs. Robinson holds that for narrowly economic reasons, increased trade between Japan and China is "an unequivocal British interest." Her reasoning is that this trade would diminish Japan's capacity to compete with Britain in Southeast Asian markets.

This argument seems to me fallacious. First, since Britain and Japan are competitive suppliers one is likely to gain in the China market at the expense of the other. Second, the goods that Southeast Asia and China want from Japan are not at all the same. Third, the strengthening of the Japanese economy by imports of coal, coke, ore and other needed materials from China will increase and not diminish Japan's capacity to compete with Britain in other markets.

Japan certainly has a potential future in China far greater than Britain's. However the low volume of trade between Japan and China reflects China's poor quality of exports, her inability to maintain deliveries, her campaign against the dollar, and her general indifference to non-strategic trade, as well

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as the embargo. While the Japanese economy is in a dangerous condition, China trade offers little in the way of a short term solution. Mrs. Robinson and others who point to pre-war statistics as a standard forget that in pre-war years North China and Manchuria were colonies of Japan, integrated in her economy and settled by Japanese citizens.

The purpose of my argument was not of course to discourage efforts to reach Peking. I share the Federation of British Industries view that within the rigid limits set by Peking, all efforts to restore sound commercial relations should be made. Whatever modest possibilities exist in developing relations with China should be followed up, but in a spirit of realism. This spirit which alone offers the basis of a new China policy must be free of the romanticism of the left which sees no conflict of interest with Communist China. And it must of course be free of the more prevalent romanticism of the right which maintains that Chiang Kai-shek is the ruler of China and that American military advisers have some moral right to be sitting in Quemoy and participating in China's civil war.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

► The British and "The Yanks"

I have no mandate to speak for the British corps of correspondents in Washington but I believe most of them would share my views, in substance, as I comment on the recent article in the *NR* on the British press' treatment of "Yanks" and American policy.

It would be child's play to compile an anthology of hysterical, abusive, superficial, or misleading comment on British affairs, as carried in American papers, that would fling into oblivion the British examples cited with such wincing astonishment and indignation by your correspondent. What good would that do? Surely we want something more than a competition in nastiness.

America's friends—and the British correspondents are all your devoted friends—judge this country by its own highest standards. That in itself is a tribute as well as a challenge. Read what we wrote when the Supreme Court ruled against segregation; when President Eisenhower issued his salutary yet belated warning against preventive war; when Mr. Dulles at long last defended the right of India to disagree with American objectives. Give us a chance to portray the image of America as the land of the brave because it is the home of the free. We will rejoice to describe it.

But we cannot strangle our conscience when the squalid scurrilities of McCarthyism fill the land; when Jefferson is treated as an alien to the American tradition and the wicked influence of the informer is held up as a greater security for freedom than the Bill of Rights; when diplomacy by bluster and diplomacy by deadline are practised; when an unrepresentative minority in Congress exercises a sullen veto on many aspects of foreign policy; and when America forgets that in a world of power politics other countries may be able to contribute the power of ideas.

Why not ask your correspondent to write another article describing the shadow cast by American policy instead of the blemishes of the British press?

MAX FREEDMAN
Washington Correspondent
Manchester Guardian

BANDWAGON

In Denver President Dwight D. Eisenhower said Monday that his golf "isn't what it ought to be" and agreed that his game was suffering from his preoccupation with world problems.

The President told Sen. H. Alexander Smith (R, N. J.), who called on him, that his swing "was never better" but that his game was off because he couldn't concentrate on it.—*The Houston Post,* August 24, 1954.

McCarthy's lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, told newsmen: "We'll be ready to go on Tuesday with our defense."

He declined to say what the defense will be—said he didn't know himself at this point.—*The Galveston Daily News,* September 3, 1954

Gen. Mark Clark says:
". . . I believe that many of the people who are attracted into that kind of work, into the State Department, are men who perhaps have lived in foreign countries in their younger years, with their families perhaps, men who are linguists, men who are idealists, a lot of them, men who seem to be just the opposite from a military man, who seeks service of his country through sheer love of it. . . ."—*US News & World Report,* August 20, 1954

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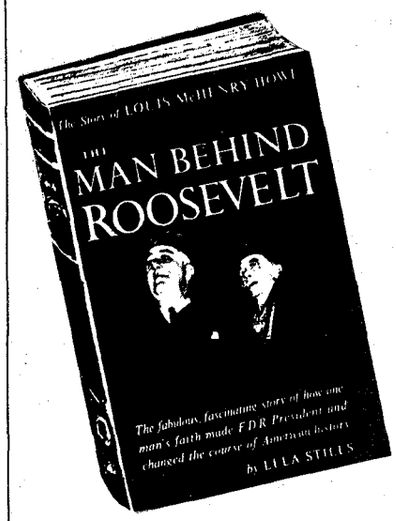
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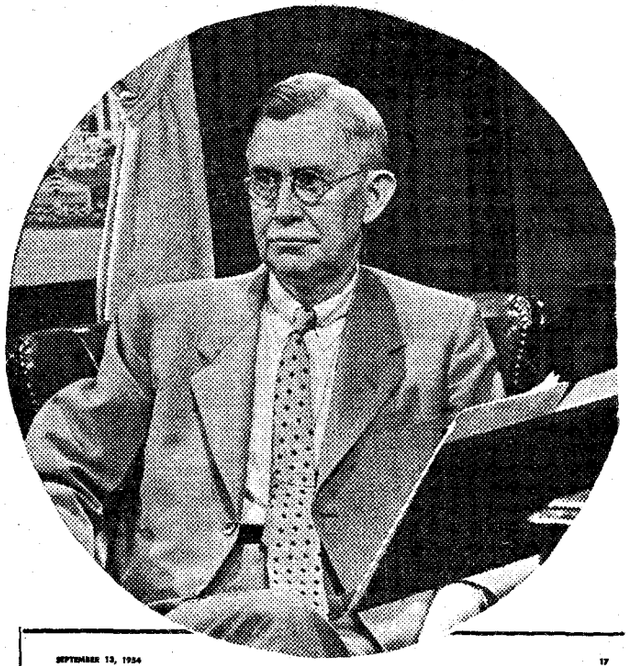


Calling things by their common name is a habit with historian Johnson, whose sprightly one-page essay appears in the *New Republic* every other week under the modest caption—"The Superficial Aspect."

April 12, 1954:

"Stevenson is obviously not the right kind of candidate for tranquil times. When all is serene the ideal candidate for President is a solemn **ass.**"

June 7, 1954:

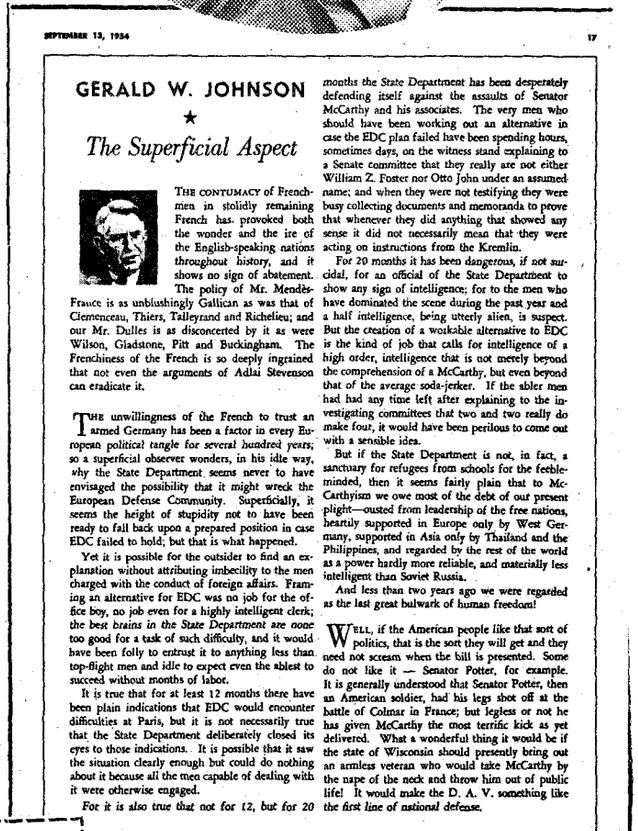
"The Israelites lusted after the flesh-pots of Egypt no more ardently than Americans lust after a President who looks the part, and we cannot be reformed even by getting one."

August 2, 1954:

"Pins, said the schoolboy's essay, have saved many lives by not being swallowed; perhaps Mr. John Foster Dulles is destined to prevent many wars by not attending peace conferences."

August 16, 1954:

"Perhaps there are under the surface deep mysteries that explain the pained bewilderment of our public comment on the affair of Indo-China, but superficially it seems as easy to understand why France left Indo-China as why Friar John quit the monastery. There were seven reasons, he explained, the first being that he was thrown out. Nobody listened to the others."



SEPTEMBER 13, 1954 17

GERALD W. JOHNSON

★

The Superficial Aspect

THE CONTUMACY of Frenchmen in stolidly remaining French has provoked both the wonder and the ire of the English-speaking nations throughout history, and it shows no sign of abatement. The policy of Mr. Mendès-France is as unblushingly Gallican as was that of Clemenceau, Thiers, Talleyrand and Richelieu; and our Mr. Dulles is as disconcerted by it as were Wilson, Gladstone, Pitt and Buckingham. The Frenchiness of the French is so deeply ingrained that not even the arguments of Adlai Stevenson can eradicate it.

THE unwillingness of the French to trust an armed Germany has been a factor in every European political tangle for several hundred years; so a superficial observer wonders, in his idle way, why the State Department seems never to have envisaged the possibility that it might wreck the European Defense Community. Superficially, it seems the height of stupidity not to have been ready to fall back upon a prepared position in case EDC failed to hold; but that is what happened.

Yet it is possible for the outsider to find an explanation without attributing imbecility to the men charged with the conduct of foreign affairs. Framing an alternative for EDC was no job for the office boy, no job even for a highly intelligent clerk; the best brains in the State Department are none too good for a task of such difficulty, and it would have been folly to entrust it to anything less than top-flight men and idle to expect even the ablest to succeed without months of labor.

It is true that for at least 12 months there have been plain indications that EDC would encounter difficulties at Paris, but it is not necessarily true that the State Department deliberately closed its eyes to those indications. It is possible that it saw the situation clearly enough but could do nothing about it because all the men capable of dealing with it were otherwise engaged.

For it is also true that not for 12, but for 20 months the State Department has been desperately defending itself against the assaults of Senator McCarthy and his associates. The very men who should have been working out an alternative in case the EDC plan failed have been spending hours, sometimes days, on the witness stand explaining to a Senate committee that they really are not either William Z. Foster nor Otto John under an assumed name; and when they were not testifying they were busy collecting documents and memoranda to prove that whenever they did anything that showed any sense it did not necessarily mean that they were acting on instructions from the Kremlin.

For 20 months it has been dangerous, if not suicidal, for an official of the State Department to show any sign of intelligence; for to the men who have dominated the scene during the past year and a half intelligence, being utterly alien, is suspect. But the creation of a workable alternative to EDC is the kind of job that calls for intelligence of a high order, intelligence that is not merely beyond the comprehension of a McCarthy, but even beyond that of the average soda-jerker. If the abler men had had any time left after explaining to the investigating committees that two and two really do make four, it would have been perilous to come out with a sensible idea.

But if the State Department is not, in fact, a sanctuary for refugees from schools for the feebleminded, then it seems fairly plain that to McCarthyism we owe most of the debt of our present plight—ousted from leadership of the free nations, heartily supported in Europe only by West Germany, supported in Asia only by Thailand and the Philippines, and regarded by the rest of the world as a power hardly more reliable, and materially less intelligent than Soviet Russia.

And less than two years ago we were regarded as the last great bulwark of human freedom!

WELL, if the American people like that sort of politics, that is the sort they will get and they need not scream when the bill is presented. Some do not like it — Senator Potter, for example. It is generally understood that Senator Potter, then an American soldier, had his legs shot off at the battle of Colmar in France; but legless or not he has given McCarthy the most terrific kick as yet delivered. What a wonderful thing it would be if the state of Wisconsin should presently bring out an armless veteran who would take McCarthy by the nape of the neck and throw him out of public life! It would make the D. A. V. something like the first line of national defense.

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